

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

# DAREDEVIL



NO. 32

*The Greatest Name in Comics*

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA  
EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA  
Evening Times  
SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

## DAREDEVIL AND WISE GUYS SMASH BLACKMARKETEERS

CRIMEBUSTERS  
HAVE BUSY DAY  
by Charles Biro

Quarrels at the  
Heavenly City  
at the City  
Perry.



LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS





WEB COMIC  
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# UNCLE SAM *NEEDS*

**YOUR TIN CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!**

IF YOU LIVE IN A SMALLER TOWN OR RURAL REGION YOU CAN BRING YOUR TIN CANS TO A CENTRAL DEPOT. IN LARGER COMMUNITIES, WHERE THE CANS ARE COLLECTED BY CITY REFUSE AGENCIES, YOU CAN HELP IN THE FOLLOWING WAY:

- ① DISTRIBUTE CIRCULARS ON THE NEED FOR TIN CAN COLLECTIONS AND ON THE PROPER PREPARATION OF CANS.
- ② RING DOORBELLS BEFORE COLLECTION DAYS REMINDING RESIDENTS TO HAVE CANS READY.
- ③ CHECK RESIDENTS ON COLLECTION DAYS TO MAKE SURE THAT CANS ARE PREPARED AND SET OUT.

## YOUR TIN CANS CAN MAKE... LBS.

1 MEDIUM TANK.....	35.00
1 17-INCH STERILIZING UNIT FOR MEDICAL CORPS.....	.25
1 COMPLETE MOBILE X-RAY MACHINE.....	1.00
1 37-MM. GUN FOR AIR CORPS.....	1.50
1 3-INCH ANTI-TANK GUN....	7.81
1 ENGINEER CORPS 4-TON TRUCK.....	10.01
1 LIGHT TANK.....	20.22
1 HEAVY BOMBER, LONG RANGE.....	57.29

# 3 OF A KIND!

*the* **GREATEST  
HAND IN  
COMICS!**

*by* **THE GREATEST TEAM  
IN COMICS**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER  
CHARLES BIRD and BOB WOOD,  
EDITORS



# DAREDEVIL

by  
CHARLES  
BIRD







SEE THOSE KIDS, MIKE? THEY'RE WALKING ADS FOR A REFORMATORY! THE TALL ONE'S GROUSE! THE ONE BESIDE HIM IS CALLED THE FOX! THE STICK CARRIER IS RUGSEY AND THE LITTLE GUY IS THE LEADER-TAIK! SOME MONIKERS, EH?

YEAH! THEY LOOK THE PARTS, TOO!

C'MON, C'MON, GET THAT PENNY RUBBED DOWN SO WE CAN GET SOME BUTTS!

AW KEEP YER SHIRT ON, GROUSE! IT'S COMIN'!



DERE! AS GOOD A JOB I'VE EVER SEEN. AND IT GETS US A PACK OF CIGGIES!



WHAT'LL WE DO TODAY, TAIK? GOT ANY IDEAS?

A FEW! HERE COMES ONE OF DEM NOW! GET THE CLASS ON DIS BUGGY! INTO THE ACT, GUYS!



HEY, WATCH YA CAR, MISTER? ONLY TWO BITS!

WE'RE GIVING YA A SPECIAL LOW PRICE!

SURE, YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL!



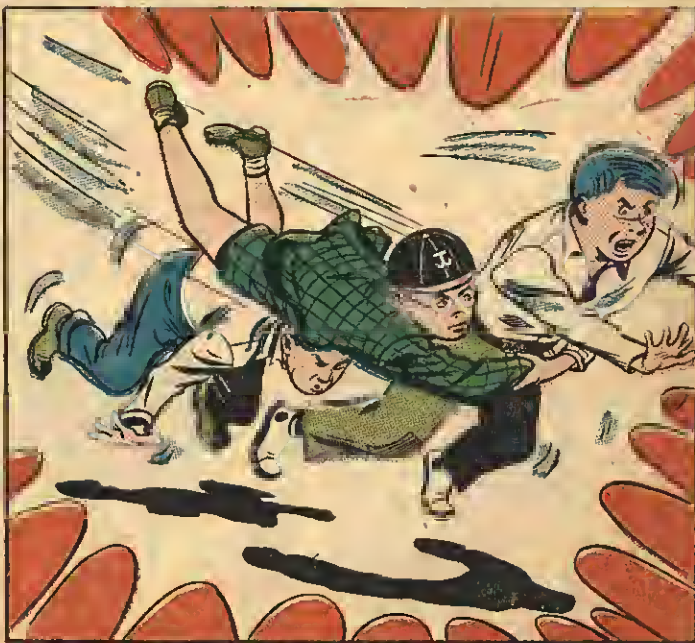
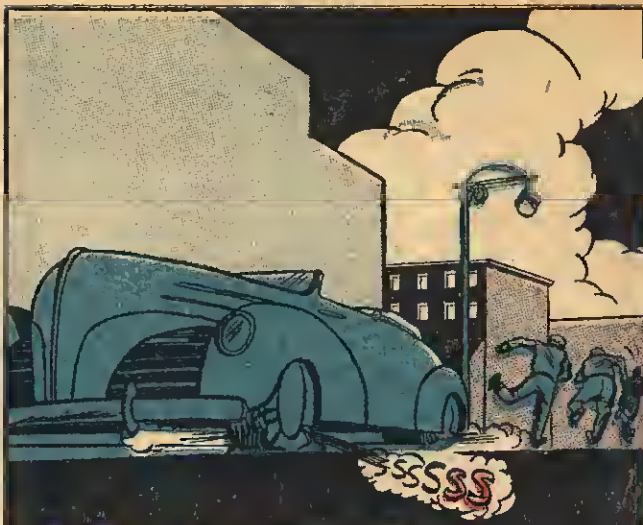
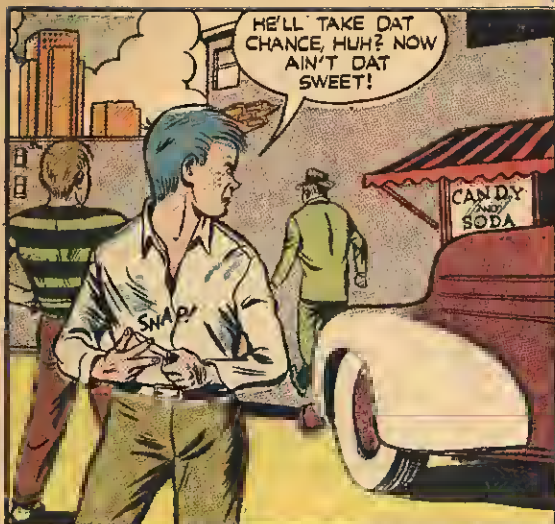
A LOW PRICE IS IT, AND JUST WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO HAVE MY CAR WATCHED?

SOMETIMES WISE GUYS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE TO SWIPE STUFF FROM SWELL CARS LIKE THIS-THAT'S WHY!

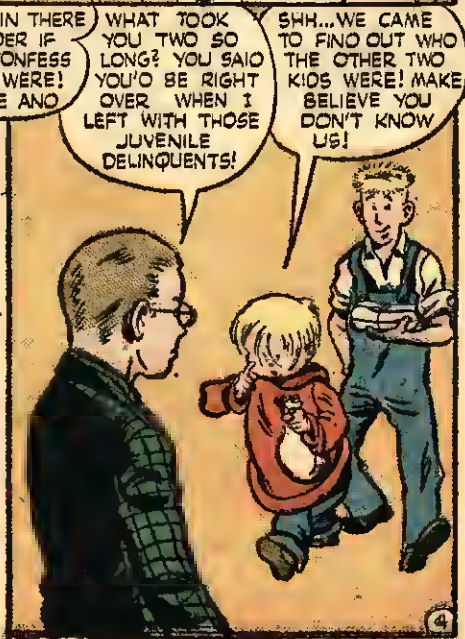
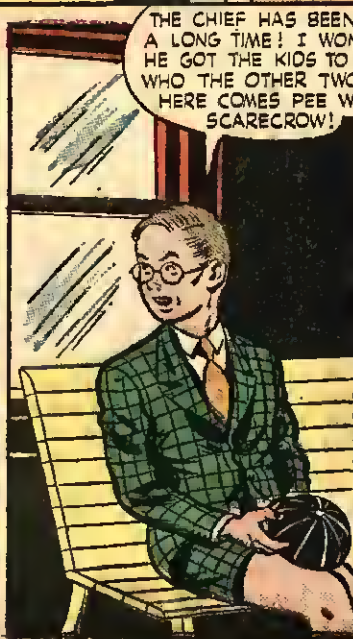


IS THAT SO? WELL, I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE, BOYS! GOOD-BYE!

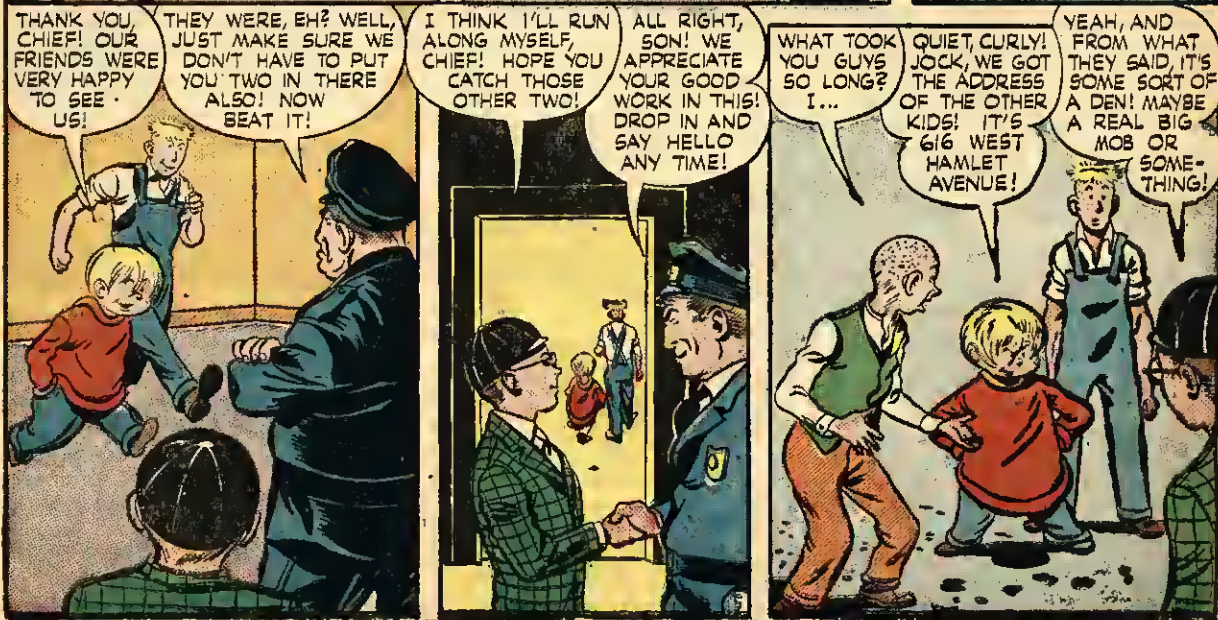
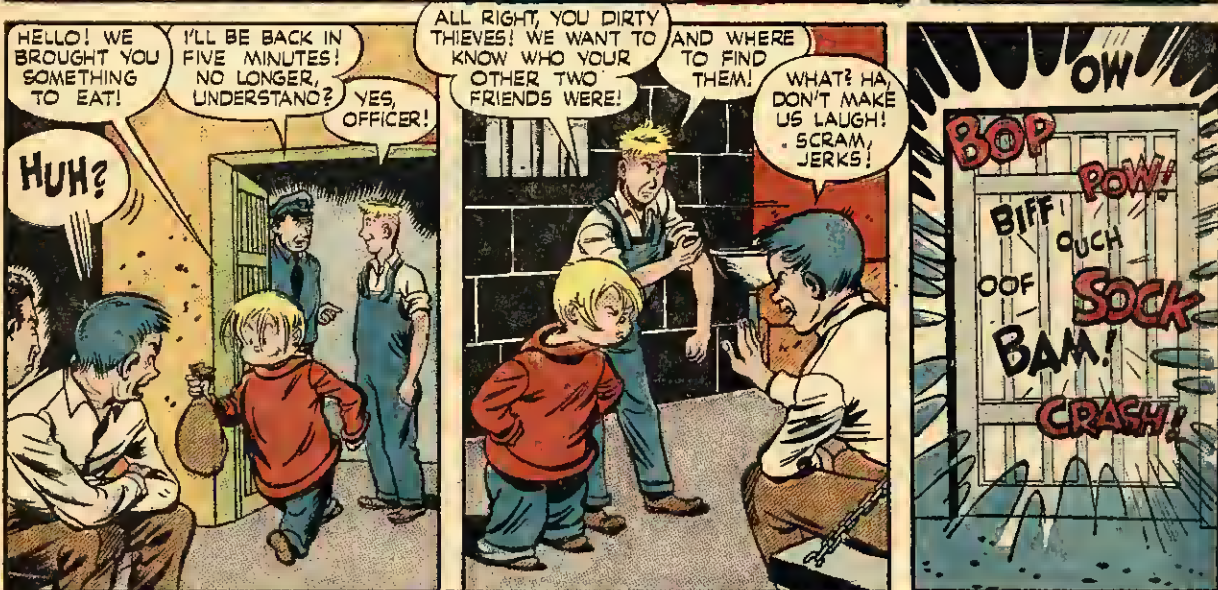
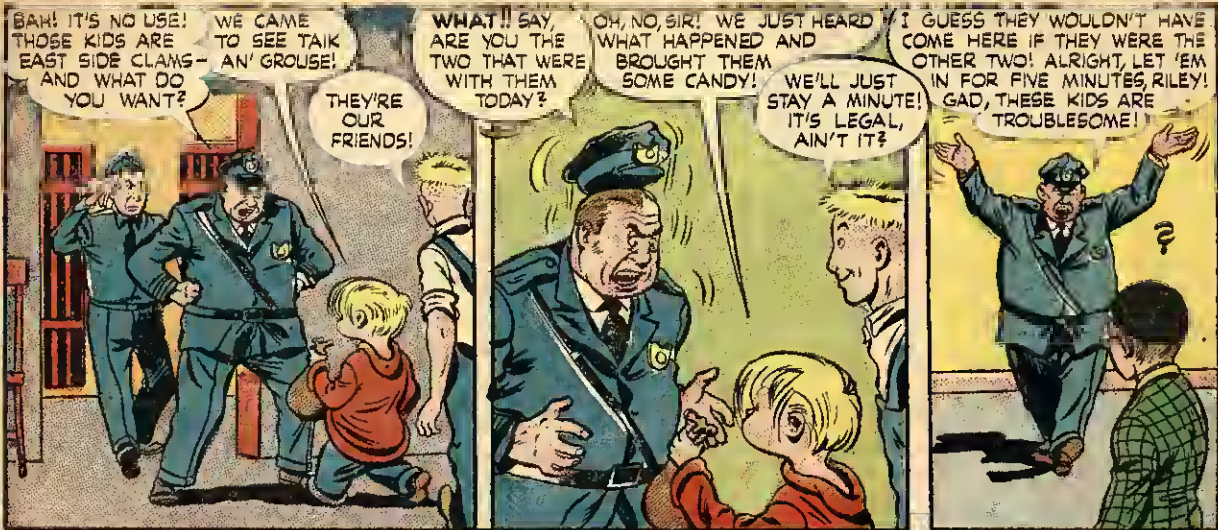
















PEE WEE, YOU'D BETTER GET DAREDEVIL! THAT TALK SEEMED TOO TOUGH AND CONFIDENT! THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS!

OKEY DOKEY, JOCK!

GOSH! WHAT AN UGLY NEIGHBORHOOD!

IT'S PRETTY RUN DOWN ALL RIGHT! LET'S SEE—HAMLET AVENUE SHOULD BE THE NEXT ONE UP ACCORDING TO THE STOREKEEPER WE ASKED!

HERE IT IS, 616!

GOSH! WHAT A FIRE TRAP!

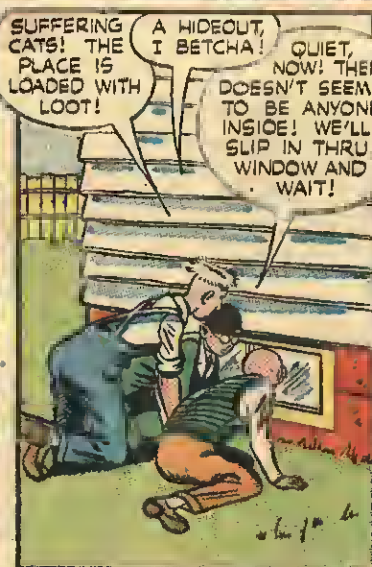


QUIET! THERE MAY BE SOMEONE IN THERE!



I CAN HARDLY SEE THROUGH THESE DIRTY WINDOWS!

FELLOWS! COME HERE!



SUFFERING CATS! THE PLACE IS LOADED WITH LOOT!

A HIDEOUT, I BETCHA!

QUIET, NOW! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE! WE'LL SLIP IN THRU WINDOW AND WAIT!



WHY IT'S FULL OF TIRES AND GAS AND STUFF!

HEY, LOOK, STOCKINGS!

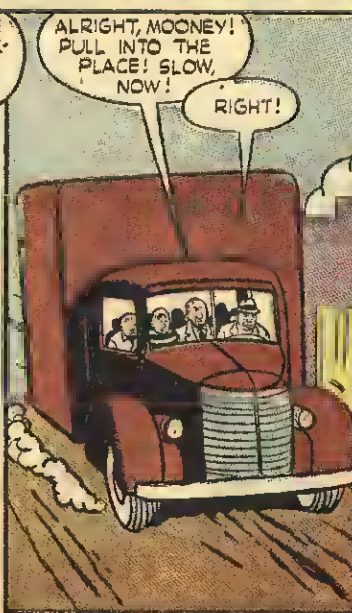
FELLERS, I THINK WE'VE STUMBLERD INTO SOME-THING REAL BIG!



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT, JOCK?

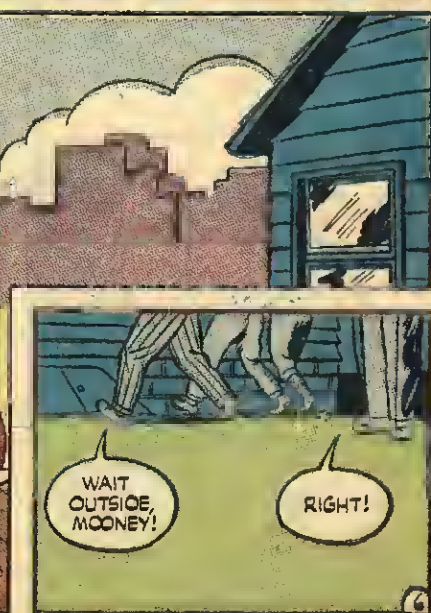
I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'LL BE HERE PRETTY SOON! BLACK-MARKET GOODS LIKE THIS ARE USUALLY GOTTEN RID OF AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

MAYBE THEY WON'T BE BACK FOR DAYS!



ALRIGHT, MOONEY! PULL INTO THE PLACE! SLOW, NOW!

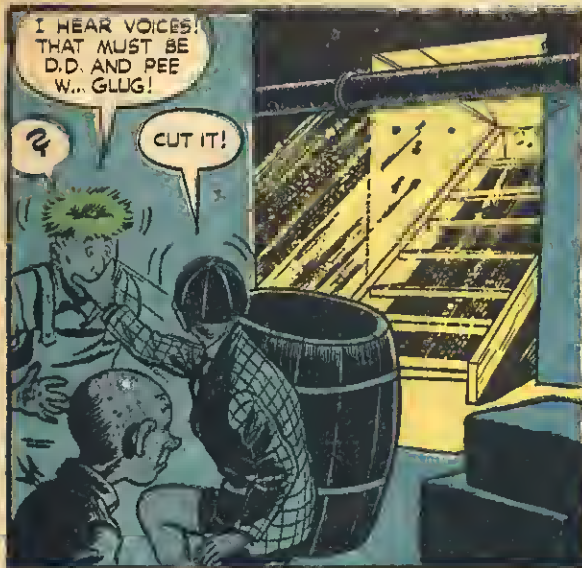
RIGHT!



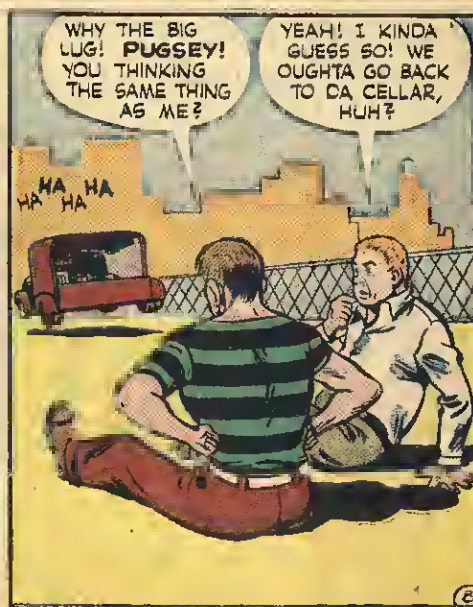
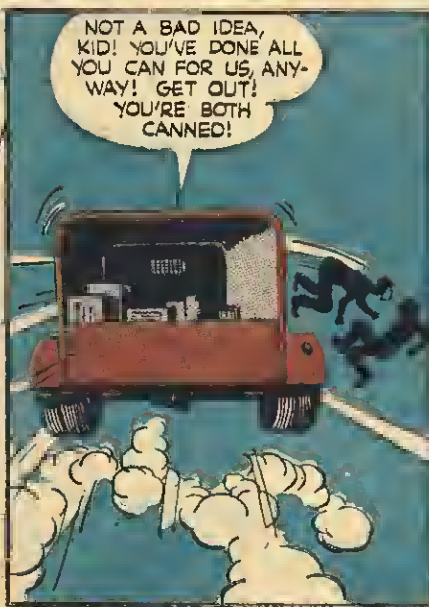
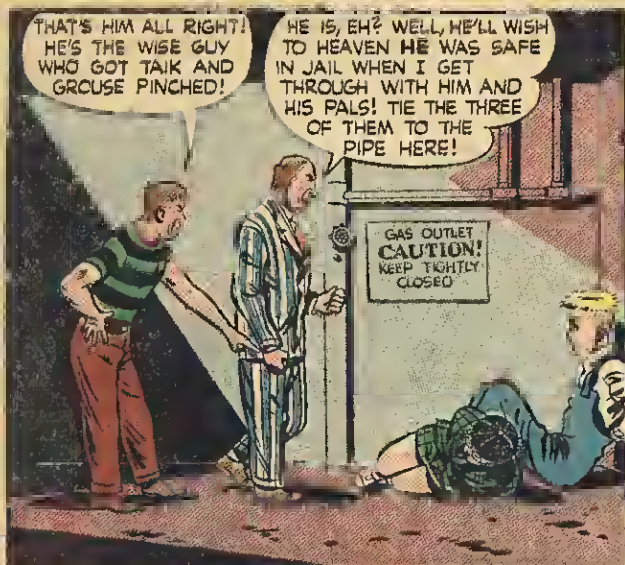
WAIT OUTSIDE, MOONEY!

RIGHT!

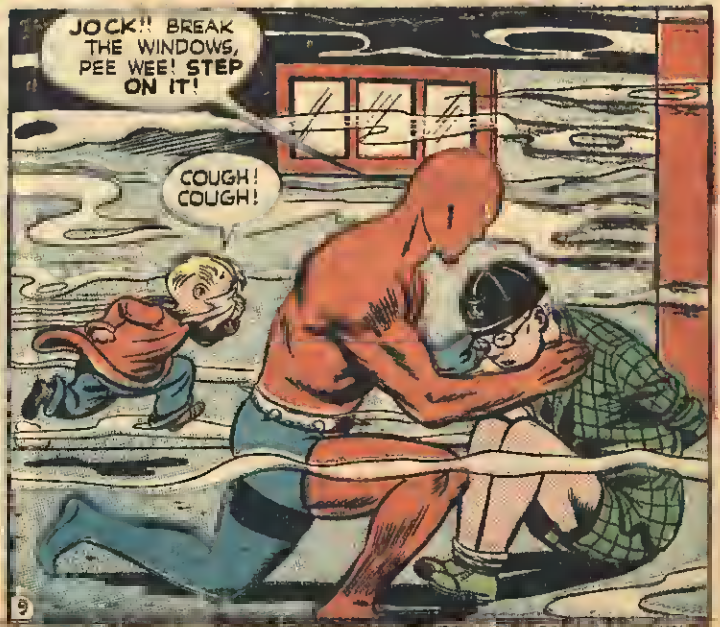
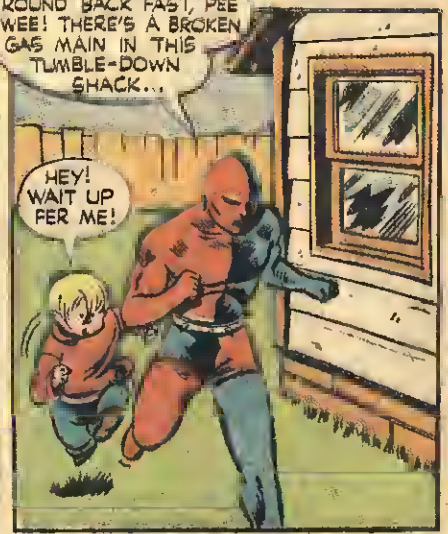
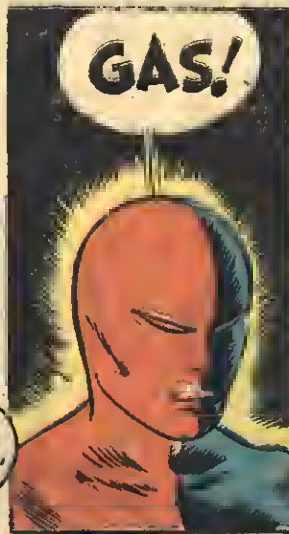
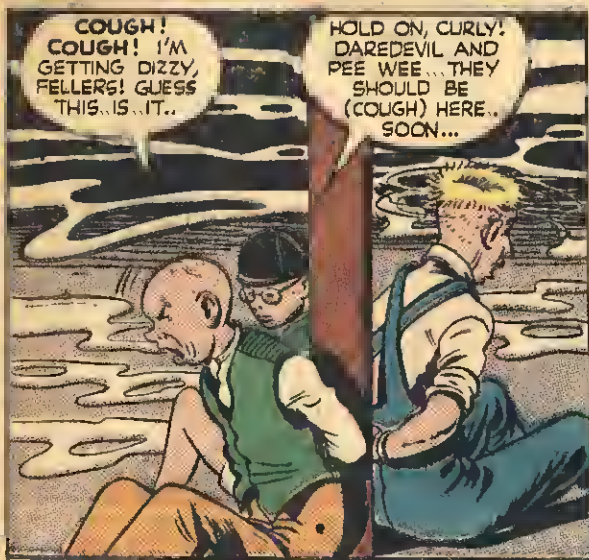




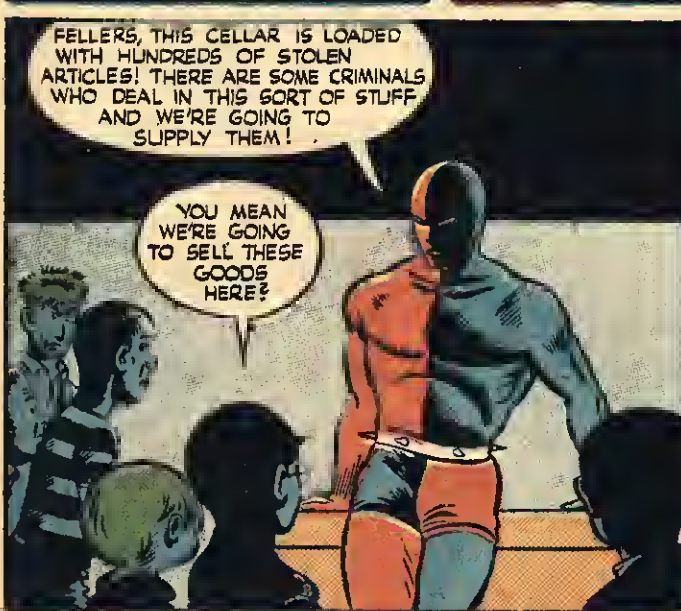
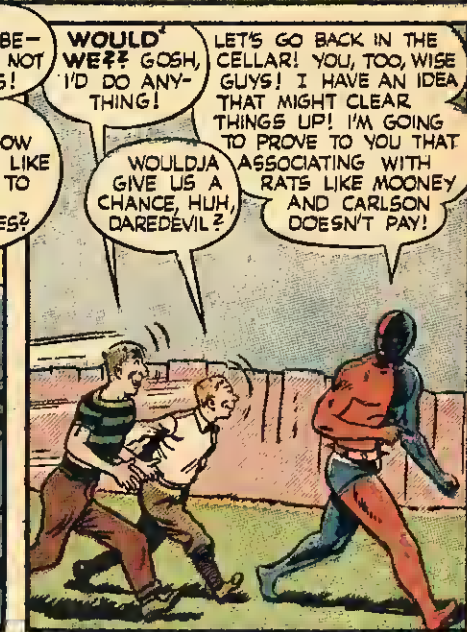
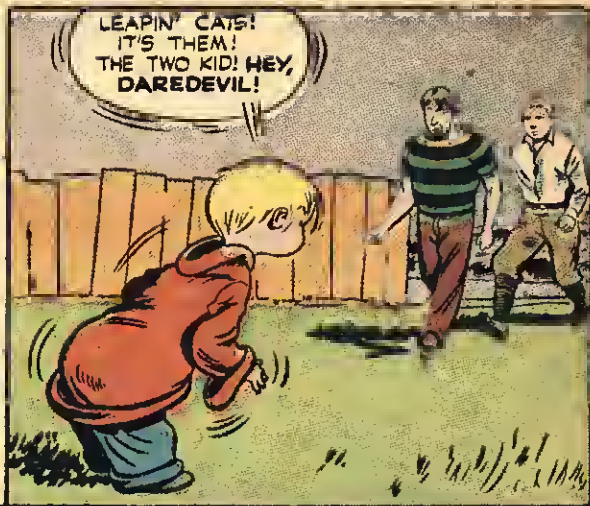
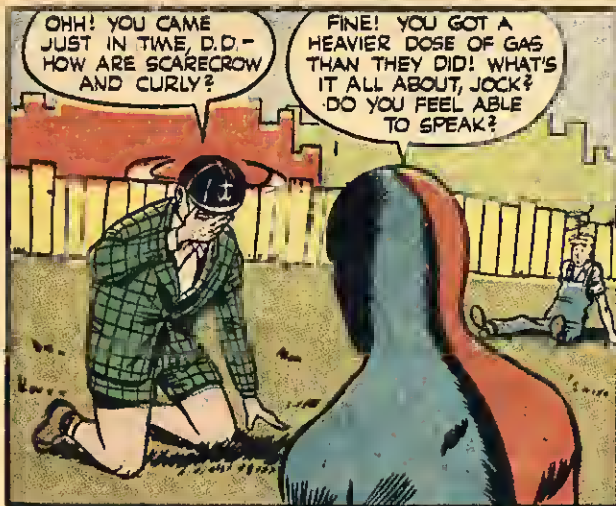




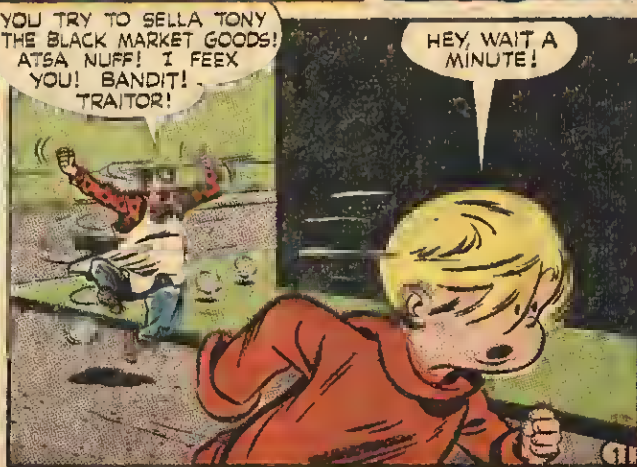
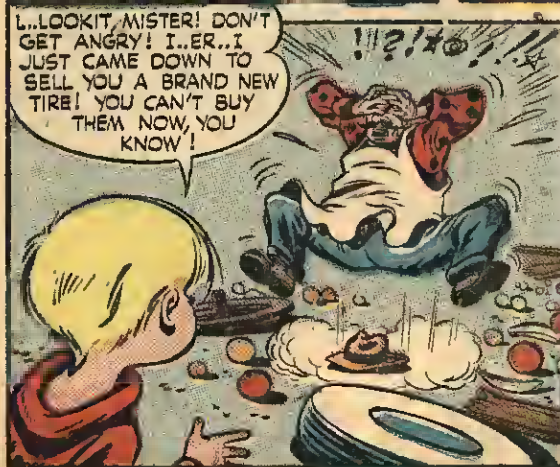
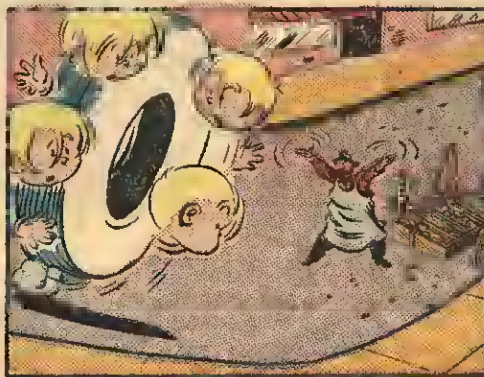
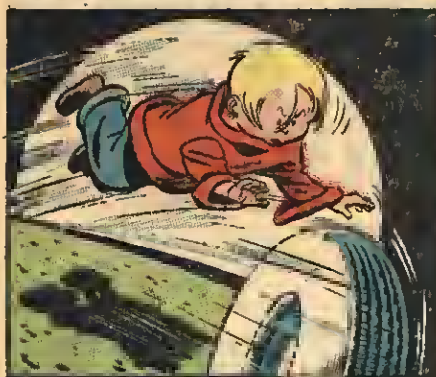
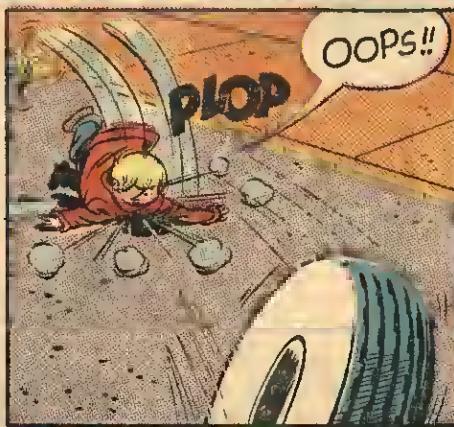
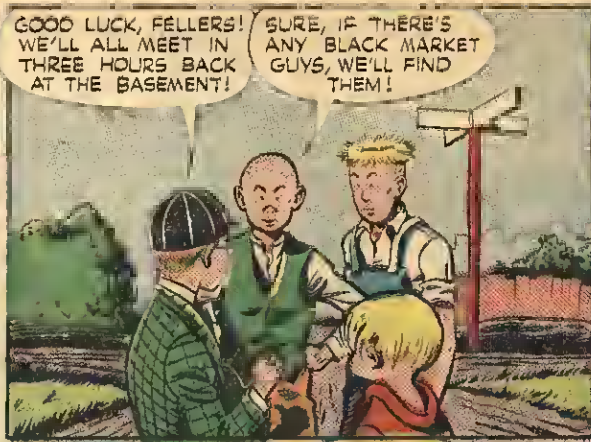




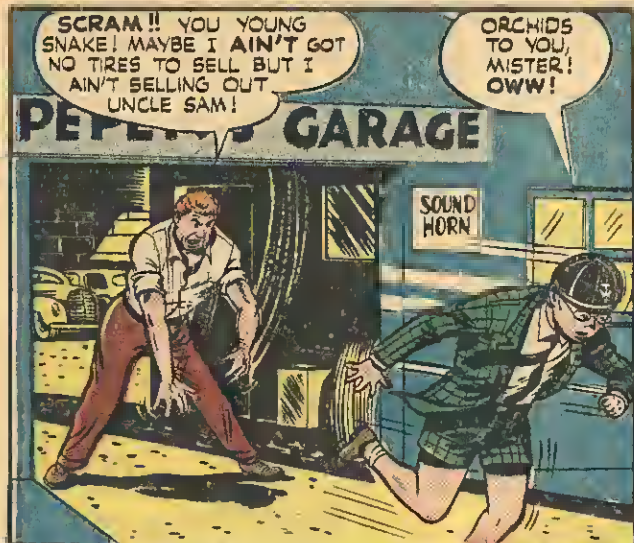












SCRAM!! YOU YOUNG SNAKE! MAYBE I AIN'T GOT NO TIRES TO SELL BUT I AIN'T SELLING OUT UNCLE SAM!

ORCHIDS TO YOU, MISTER! OWW!

PEPE'S GARAGE

SOUND HORN



NYLON STOCKINGS, IS IT? WHY YE THIEVING SCUM! 'TIS THE LIKES OF YE THAT KEEP OUR JAILS FULL, AN' THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'! POLICE!

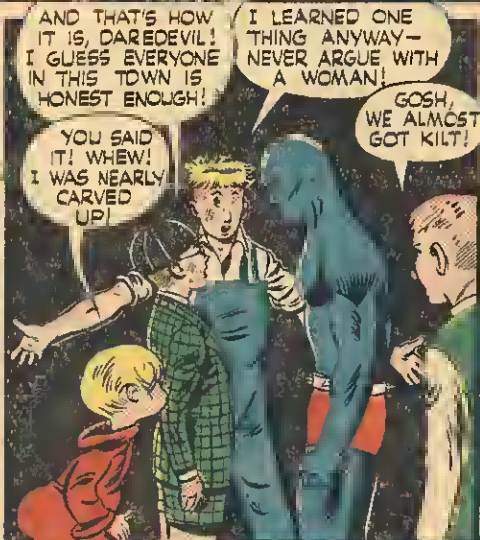


AND THAT'S HOW IT IS, DAREDEVIL! I GUESS EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN IS HONEST ENOUGH!

YOU SAID IT! WHEW! I WAS NEARLY CARVED UP!

I LEARNED ONE THING ANYWAY— NEVER ARGUE WITH A WOMAN!

GOSH, WE ALMOST GOT KILT!



I GOT ONE, DAREDEVIL!



FELLERS, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELVES! AFTER CANVASSING THIS WHOLE SECTION OF TOWN, CURLY FOUND THE ONE SPOT THAT ACCEPTED BLACKMARKET GOODS! THE CHANCES ARE THAT MOONEY AND CARLSON DO BUSINESS WITH THEM!

OUR NEXT STEP IS TO FIND CARLSON'S LAIR! WE'LL WATCH FLAP'S GARAGE UNTIL HE APPEARS! THEN SET A TRAP! ARE YOU GAME?

I'LL SAY WE ARE CAREDEVIL!

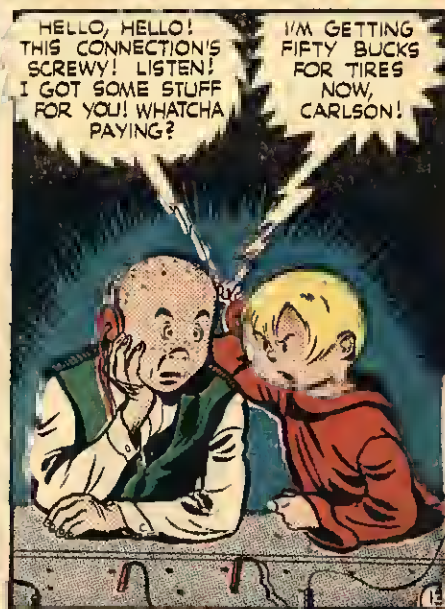
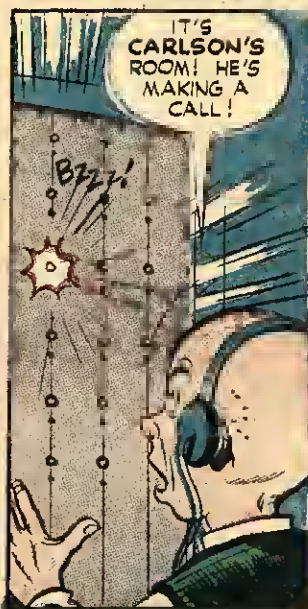
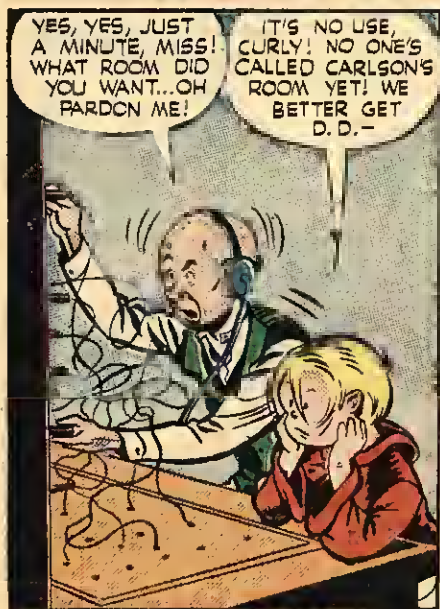
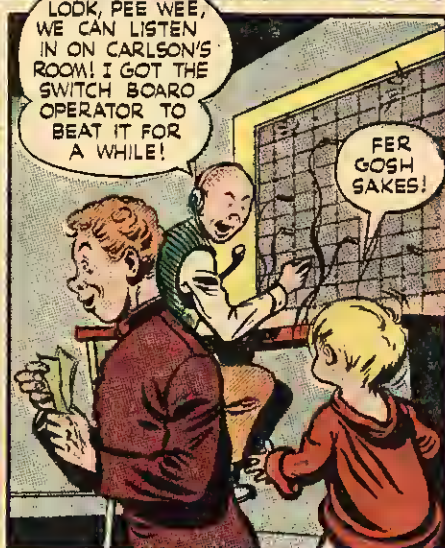
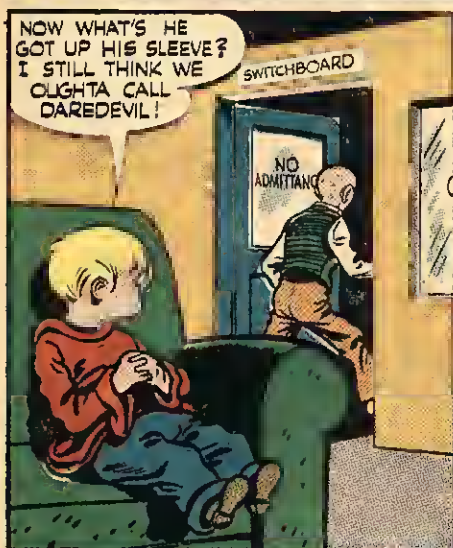
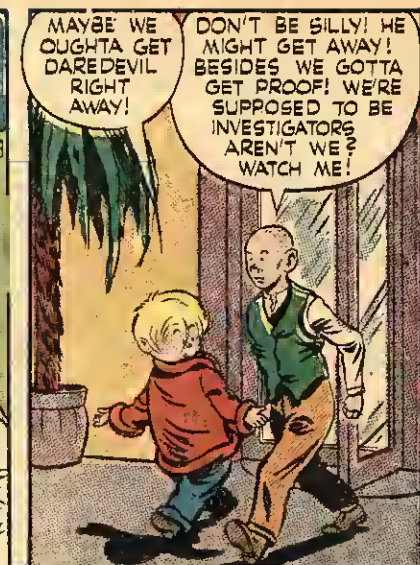
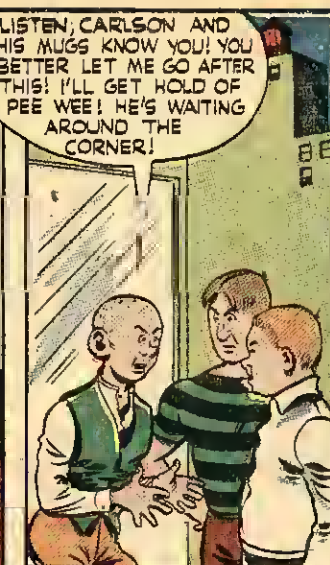
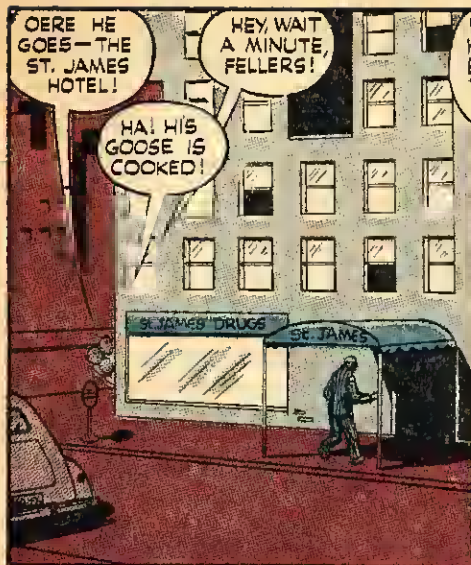
ONCE HE SHOWS HIS FACE, WE'LL WATCH WHERE HE GOES!



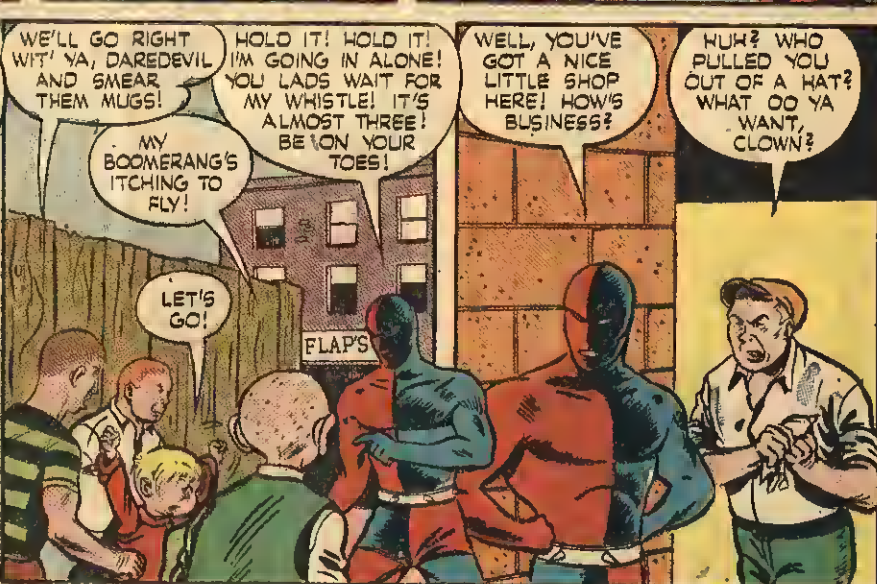
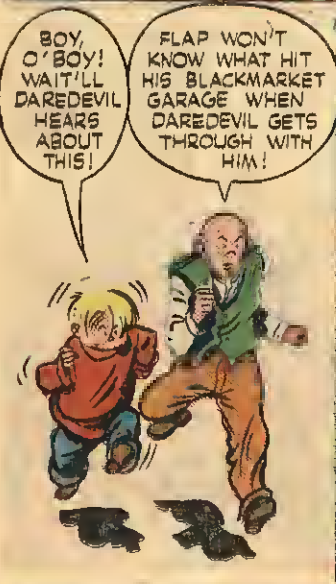
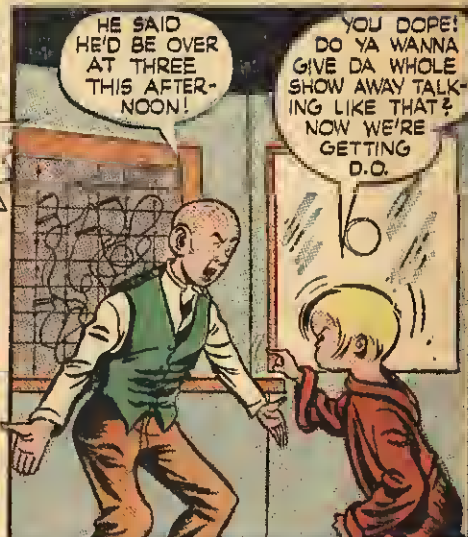
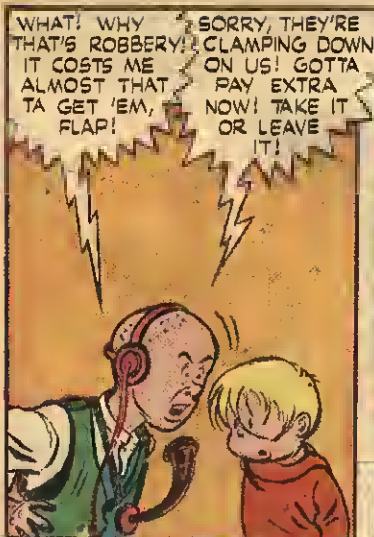
THAT'S HIM! CARLSON!

AND HERE'S WHERE HE GETS HIS! THOUGHT HE WAS PRETTY SMART NOT LETTING US IN ON WHERE HE DITCHED THE STUFF!

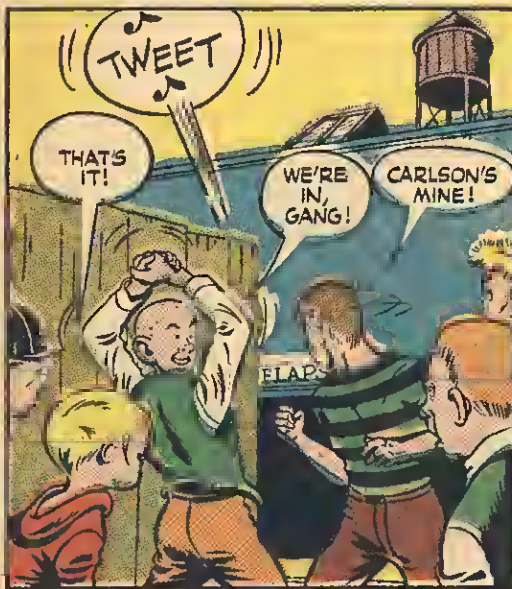
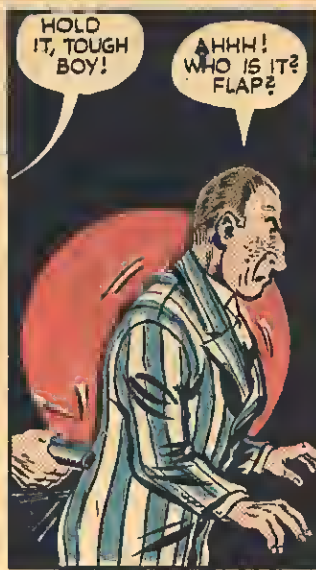




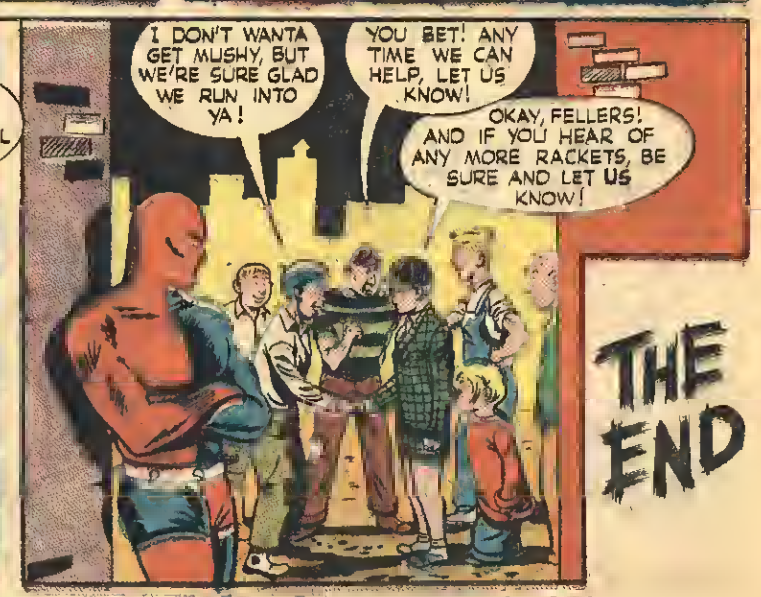














# Dickie Dean

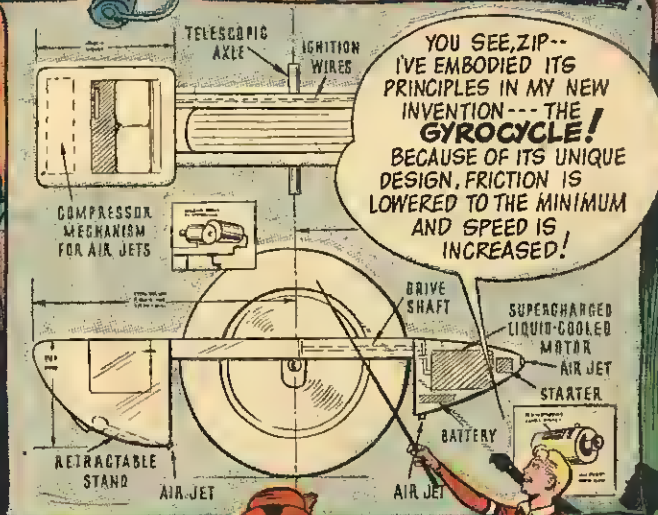
*The Boy Inventor*



**At the Dean Laboratories**

WHAT THE ---  
PLAYING WITH TOYS,  
DICKIE? --- IS THIS  
YOUR SECOND  
CHILDHOOD OR  
SOMETHIN'?

THIS IS  
JUST A SIMPLE  
GYROSCOPIC  
TOP---



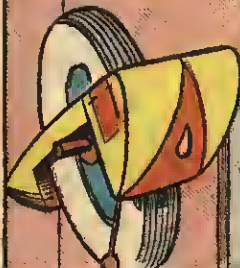


BUT THAT ISN'T ALL  
ZIP-- IT HAS MANY  
OTHER FEATURES TOO  
NUMEROUS TO MENTION  
--COME OVER AND I'LL  
SHOW IT TO YOU!



**ISN'T SHE  
A HONEY?** ZIP!

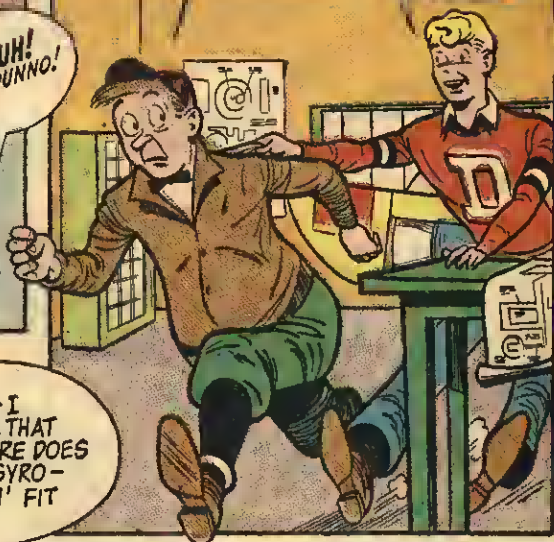
IT'S MY BEST INVENTION  
YET! WITH THE AUTOMATIC  
AIR JETS IT'S THE SAFEST  
VEHICLE EVER BUILT--  
C'MON AND WE'LL TAKE  
HER FOR A TRIAL  
SPIN!



HUH!  
I DUNNO!

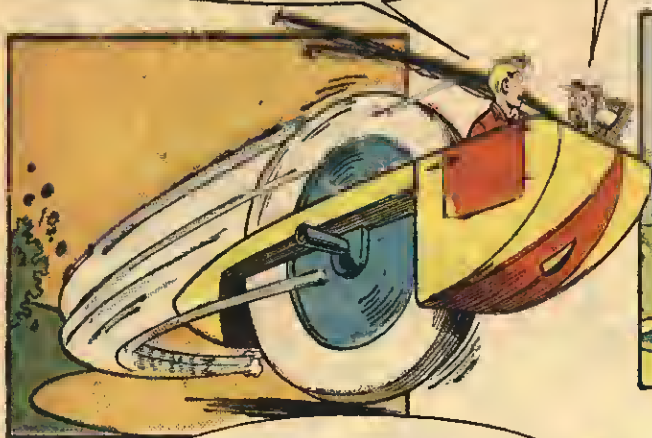
-- I JUST REMEMBERED  
--- I'VE GOT TO GO  
SOMEWHERE -- BESIDES  
THAT THING'S GOT  
ONLY ONE WHEEL!

AW-- COME  
ON ZIP, WE'LL  
TAKE OUR  
FISHING TACKLE  
ALONG-- I KNOW  
OF A SWELL  
SPOT NEAR AN  
OLD SAWMILL!

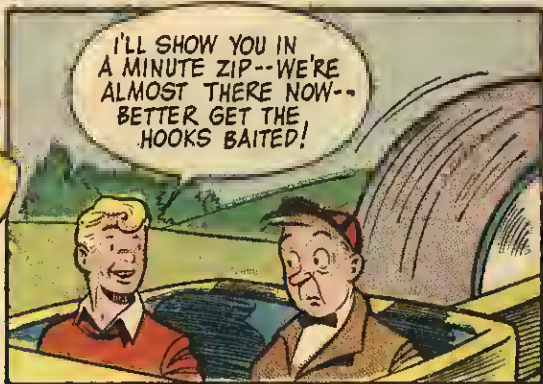


--THE ENGINE IS IN THE BACK  
WHICH HELPS THE BALANCE-- BUT  
THE AUTOMATIC EQUALIZER REALLY  
DOES THE TRICK--- IT'S CONNECTED  
TO VARIOUS AIR JETS WHICH  
ALWAYS KEEP THE COCKPIT IN  
A HORIZONTAL POSITION!

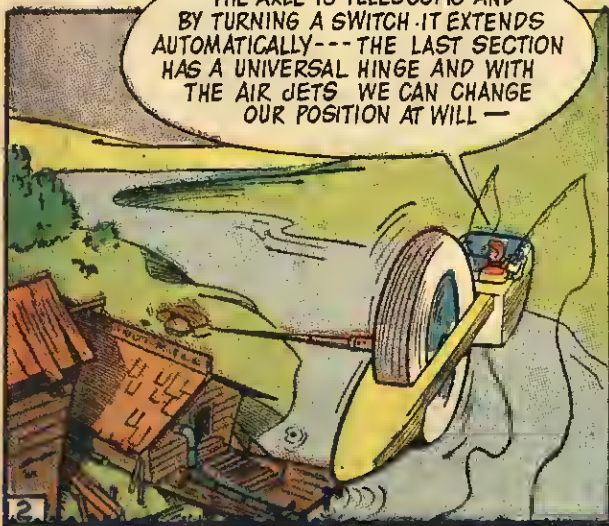
YEAH--- I  
GET ALL THAT  
BUT WHERE DOES  
THE G-GYRO-  
SOMETHIN' FIT  
IN?



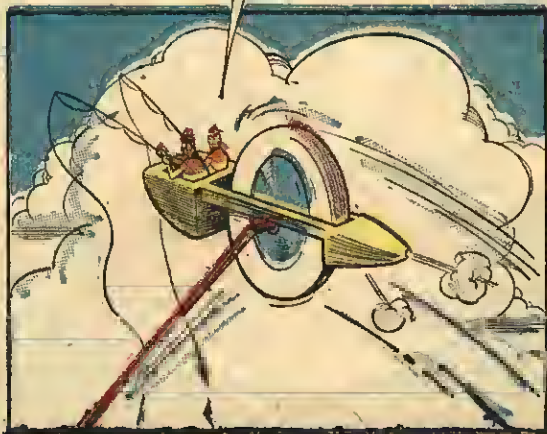
I'LL SHOW YOU IN  
A MINUTE ZIP-- WE'RE  
ALMOST THERE NOW--  
BETTER GET THE  
HOOKS BAITED!



THE AXLE IS TELESCOPIC AND  
BY TURNING A SWITCH IT EXTENDS  
AUTOMATICALLY--- THE LAST SECTION  
HAS A UNIVERSAL HINGE AND WITH  
THE AIR JETS WE CAN CHANGE  
OUR POSITION AT WILL --



PRESTO! AND  
WE'RE MOVING!

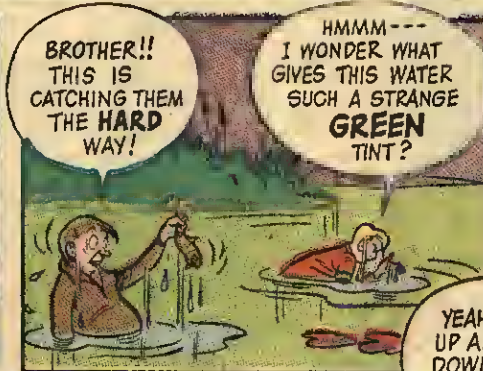






DICKIE! THE  
COCKPIT'S  
FALLING!

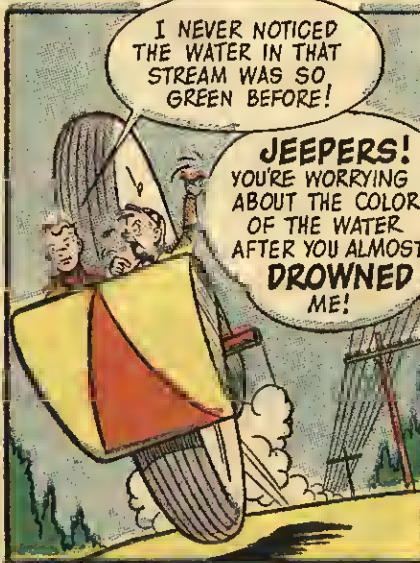
YIPE!



BROTHER!!  
THIS IS  
CATCHING THEM  
THE HARD  
WAY!

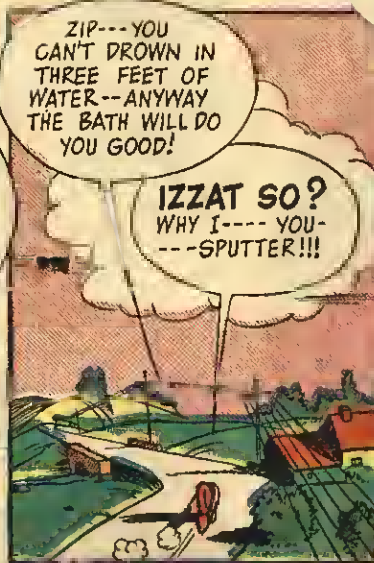
HMMM---  
I WONDER WHAT  
GIVES THIS WATER  
SUCH A STRANGE  
**GREEN**  
TINT?

YEAH!--YOU GO  
UP AND BRING IT  
DOWN, DICKIE--  
I'LL STAY HERE!



I NEVER NOTICED  
THE WATER IN THAT  
STREAM WAS SO  
GREEN BEFORE!

**JEEPERS!**  
YOU'RE WORRYING  
ABOUT THE COLOR  
OF THE WATER  
AFTER YOU ALMOST  
**DROWNED**  
ME!



ZIP--- YOU  
CAN'T DROWN IN  
THREE FEET OF  
WATER--ANYWAY  
THE BATH WILL DO  
YOU GOOD!

**IZZAT SO?**  
WHY I--- YOU---  
---SPUTTER!!!



WELL!---IF IT  
ISN'T INSPECTOR  
GORDON--WHAT  
BRINGS YOU  
HERE?



-----SO YOU  
SEE, DICKIE--- WE  
KNOW THESE  
COUNTERFEITERS ARE  
OPERATING IN THIS  
VICINITY---YET  
WE'VE SEARCHED  
EVERY IMAGINABLE  
SPOT--

--HMM--- AND  
YOU SAY THEY  
ARE PRINTING  
FAKE RATION  
STAMPS--

WELL--  
THAT'S THE  
WHOLE STORY  
DICKIE-- I DO HOPE  
YOU CAN HELP  
ME OUT--

I'LL KEEP MY  
EYES PEELED,  
INSPECTOR--  
I'LL LET YOU KNOW  
AS SOON AS  
SOMETHING  
COMES UP!

WHERE'RE  
YOU GOING,  
DICKIE -- AREN'T  
YOU GOING TO  
LOOK FOR THOSE  
COUNTERFEITERS?

NEVER  
MIND THAT,  
ZIP --- BETTER  
GET OUT OF THOSE  
WET CLOTHES!

**THERE!** THAT  
OUGHT TO FIX IT SO'S  
IT WON'T SPILL US  
AGAIN--HMM--LET'S  
SEE--COUNTERFEITERS  
---MEANS THEY HAVE  
**PRINTING  
EQUIPMENT!**

**SAY!  
THAT'S IT!**

**GEE!** THAT'S  
AWFULLY NICE  
OF YOU TO HELP  
ME WRING OUT  
MY PANTS,  
DICKIE!

NOW TO  
PUT A SLIDE  
WITH A DROP OF  
THAT WATER UNDER  
THE MICRO-  
SCOPE--

**WHAT?--  
THE OLD MILL!  
---YOU BET  
DICKIE --- BE  
RIGHT OUT  
THERE!**

GET READY  
ZIP --- WE'RE  
GOING TO SEE  
**ACTION!**



MEANWHILE-INSIDE  
THE SAW-MILL

WHAT'LL WE  
DO NOW?

THE COPS HAVE  
THE PLACE  
SURROUNDED!

COME ALONG  
WID ME, BABE  
--- I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA--

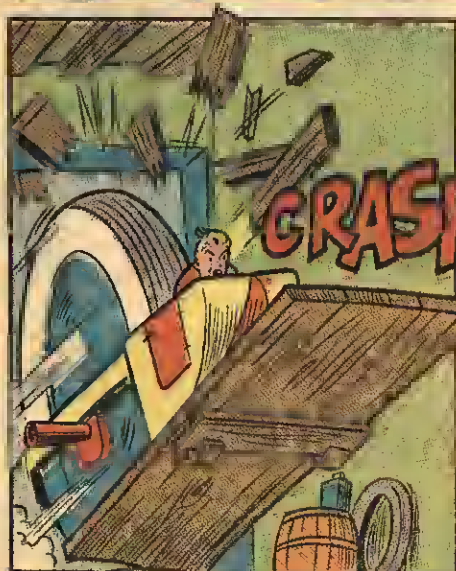


THEY'VE  
STOPPED FIRING  
INSPECTOR!

IT MAY BE A TRAP!  
-- I DON'T WANT TO  
LOSE ANY MEN BY  
RUSHING THEM



GET READY  
TO FOLLOW  
ME IN, MEN!



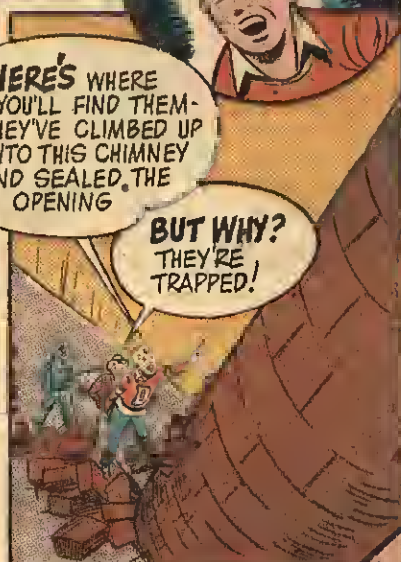
EMPTY!

THEY'VE  
GONE!

--BUT  
WHERE?

HERE'S WHERE  
YOU'LL FIND THEM--  
THEY'VE CLIMBED UP  
INTO THIS CHIMNEY  
AND SEALED THE  
OPENING

BUT WHY?  
THEY'RE  
TRAPPED!



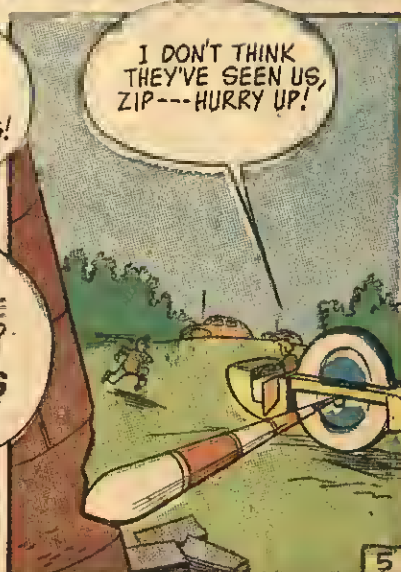
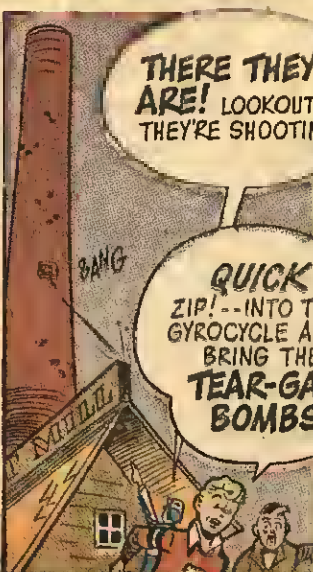
-- PROBABLY  
FIGURE ON HOLDING  
OUT 'TILL NIGHT-FALL  
--- IT WOULD BE  
A CINCH TO GET  
AWAY THEN!



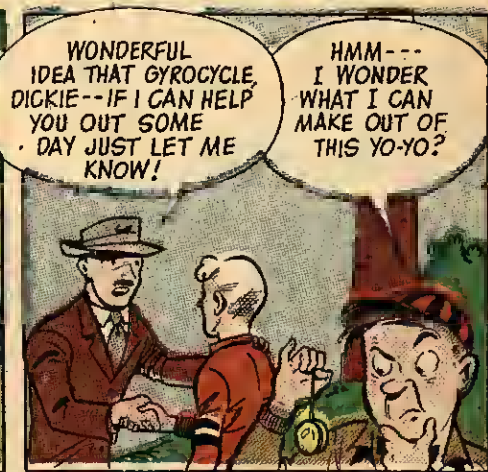
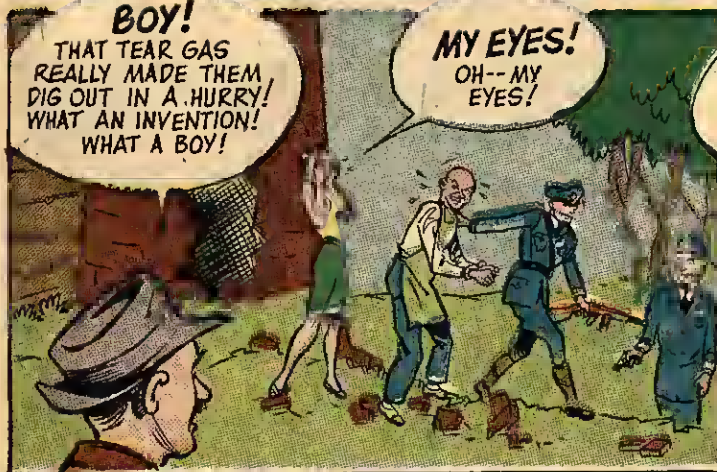
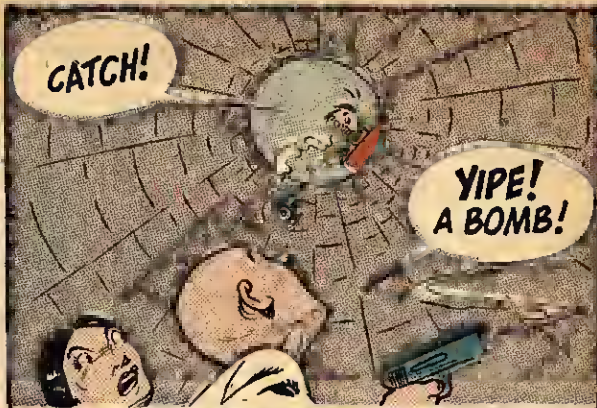
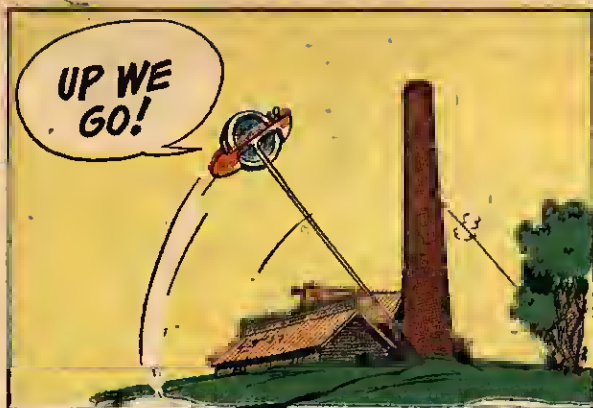
THERE THEY  
ARE! LOOKOUT!  
THEY'RE SHOOTING!

I DON'T THINK  
THEY'VE SEEN US,  
ZIP---HURRY UP!

QUICK  
ZIP!--INTO THE  
GYROCYCLE AND  
BRING THE  
TEAR-GAS  
BOMBS!







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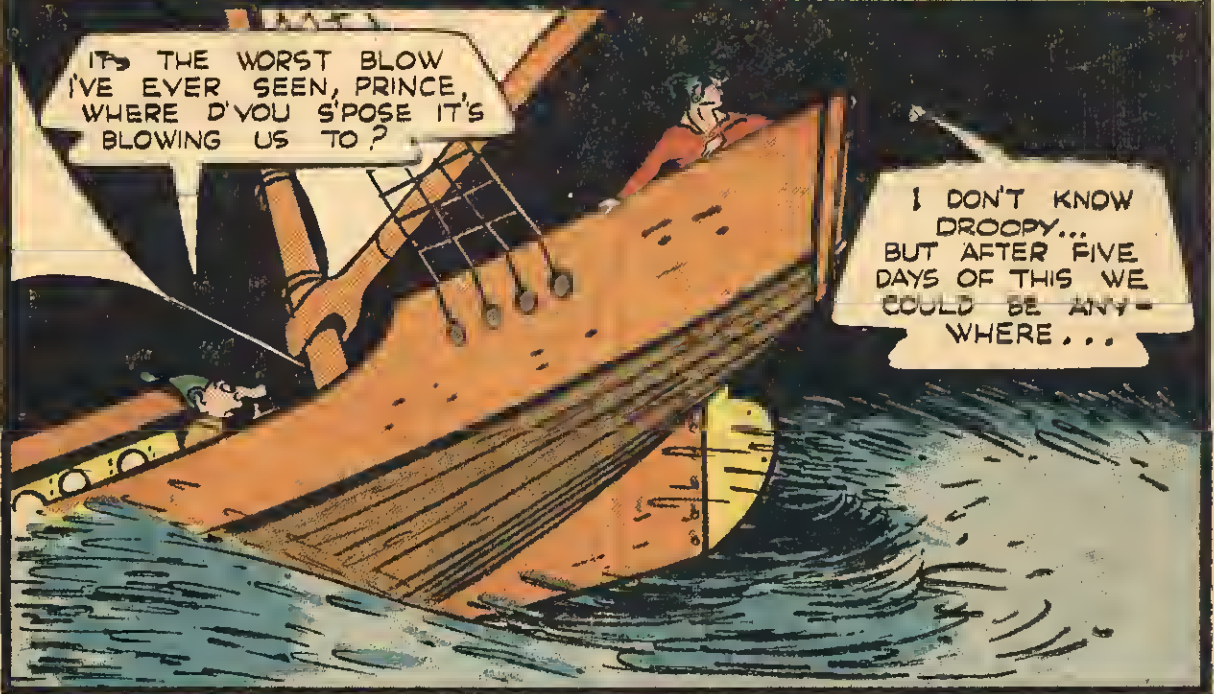
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Harry D. Barry,  
Bath, Me.  
Billy Fields & Martin Bremer,  
Leicester, Ky.

ZIP AND I ARE GRATEFUL AND APPRECIATIVE OF YOU AND OF THE OTHER INVENTIONS SENT IN! THANK—  
*Dickie Dean*



# PIRATE PRINCE





BR-R-R WHAT HAVE WE STUMBLED INTO PRINCE...

THE BLOATER... THAT'S AN UGLY NAME WONDER WHO HE IS?

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT PRINCE?

STOP!  
ALL WHO DROP  
ANCHOR HERE ARE  
DOOMED  
BY ORDER OF  
THE BLOATER

TURN BACK, PIRATE PRINCE, TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, HURRY, HURRY...

CEASE STAMMERING LIKE A FRIGHTENED JELLY FISH AND TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, JAUNDICE JOHN.

YEARS AGO MY FATHER TOLD ME MANY TIMES ABOUT THE BLOATER... HE'S A HORRIBLE MONSTER OF A DEMON WHO PIRATED THE SEAS... ROBBING AND MURDERING PEOPLE... FINALLY HE GOT ALMOST ALL THE GOLD THERE WAS AND DISAPPEARED...

SCUTTLE 'THE CHAIN DROOPY!

AYE, AYE, SIR.  
GULP!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, BLOATER HATES MY FAMILY... HE GOT MY GRANDFATHER J. JOHN THE FIRST, MY FATHER J. JOHN THE 2<sup>ND</sup> AND NOW HE'S AFTER ME...

RIDICULOUS! YOUR GRANDFATHER DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO... JAUNDICE...

THAT'S JUST IT, THE BLOATER IS HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, MY FAMILY HAS ALWAYS WARNED ME ABOUT HIM...

GO DOWN IN THE CABIN AND TASTE MY BRANDY WE'RE SAILING AHEAD...



AND SO THE PRINCE AND HIS CREW ENTER THE CHANNEL...

GOSH! LOOKIT THEM, PRINCE, GHOST SHIPS!

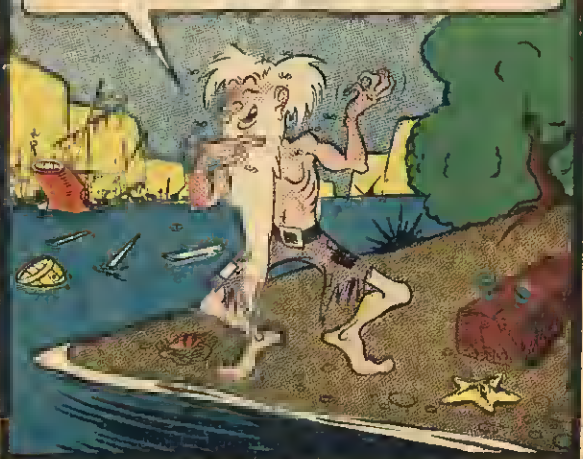
DROOPY WELL HAVE TO DROP ANCHOR HERE I'M AFRAID THE CHANNEL IS TOO SHALLOW...



JAUNDICE JOHN MUST BE RIGHT—MAYBE HE ISN'T NUTTY! THAT BLOATER IS A DEVIL!



HO! HO! SO YOU GOT CAUGHT TOO! WELCOME! WELCOME!... WE'VE GOT LOTS OF COMPANY HERE.. HEE! HEE! BUT NOBODY CAN GO HOME, HA! HA! YOU'LL BE HERE FOREVER NOW!



WE'RE AGROUND!!

WHOOOPS!

I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU

CRASH!

CRACK!



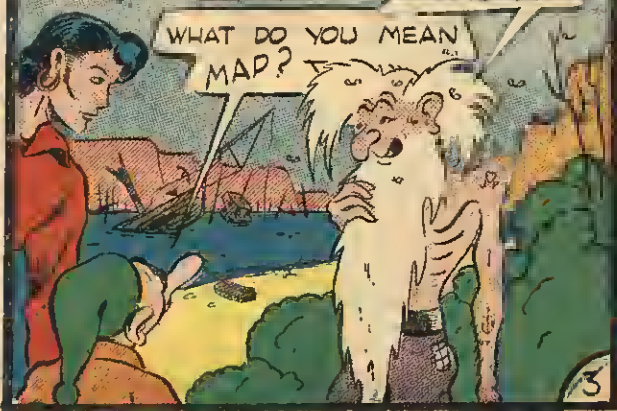
HA-HA-HA-HEE HEE HEE!



HAS THE BLOATER CAUSED ALL THESE WRECKS?

HE CERTAINLY HAS, BUT DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET THE MAP OF THE CHANNEL FROM HIM.. HEE-HEE! WE ALL THOUGHT SO AT FIRST...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN MAP?

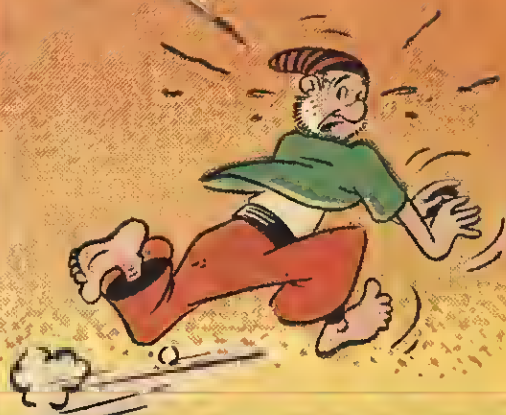




THERE'S ONE TWISTING CHANNEL TO FREEDOM HEE! HEE! BUT THE BLOATER HAS THE ONLY MAP, AND THE ONLY SEAWORTHY BOAT TOO... AND HE LIVES ON IT... BY THE WAY, IS JAUNDICE JOHN ON YOUR BOAT?



SO LONG, SEE YOU LATER, DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME...



SO THAT'S JAUNDICE, TSK! TSK! TOO BAD, THE BLOATER'S WAITED A LONG TIME TO TORTURE HIM...

LEAD THE WAY, SAILOR- I WANT WORDS WITH THIS CHARACTER!

YOU DO?  
TSK-TSK!  
TOO BAD...



THERE HE IS READING ABOUT NERO AGAIN... I'VE GOT TO GO.. HE'D SHOOT ME IF HE KNEW I DIDN'T REPORT YOU.. GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL FREE YOU ALL, DON'T WORRY...



THAT IS THE ONLY SERVICEABLE BOAT, THE CHAP SAID WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIS ATTENTION, NOW LISTEN...

YEP-YEP!  
GOTCHA-  
YUH-UH... SURE.



HEY! BLOATER  
YOU'RE AN OLD  
STINKER...  
HEY!

YAH..  
BLAH..  
YAH!  
PH-H-H-T!



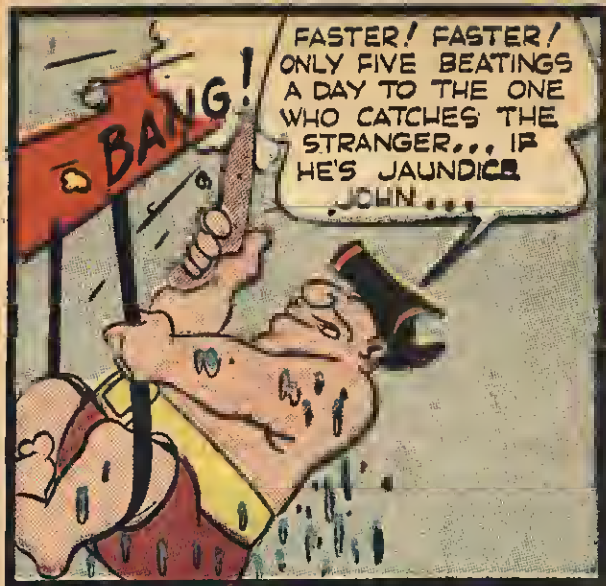




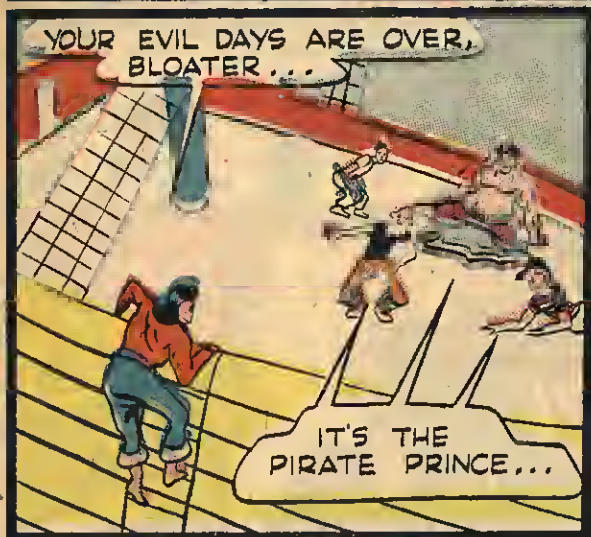
IT'S A STRANGER, MASTER...

A STRANGER! MAYBE IT'S JAUNDICE JOHN... GET HIM! WAIT! PULL ME UP, YOU DOGS

YES SIR!  
YES SIR!



FASTER! FASTER!  
ONLY FIVE BEATINGS  
A DAY TO THE ONE  
WHO CATCHES THE  
STRANGER... IF  
HE'S JAUNDICE  
JOHN...



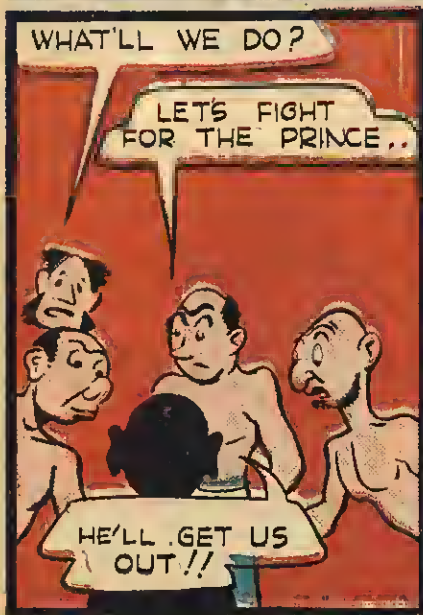
YOUR EVIL DAYS ARE OVER,  
BLOATER...

IT'S THE  
PIRATE PRINCE...



GIVE UP BLOATER, OR I'LL CARVE YOU  
TO RIBBONS... YOUR SLAVES WON'T  
HELP YOU NOW...

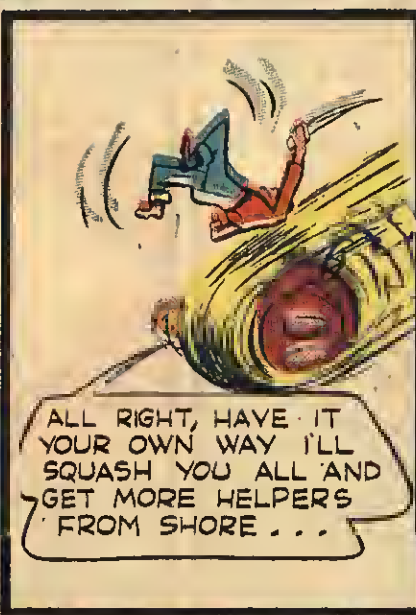
STICK A KNIFE IN THIS FOOL'S BACK,  
SLAVES... OR YOU'LL NEVER  
GET OUT ALIVE...



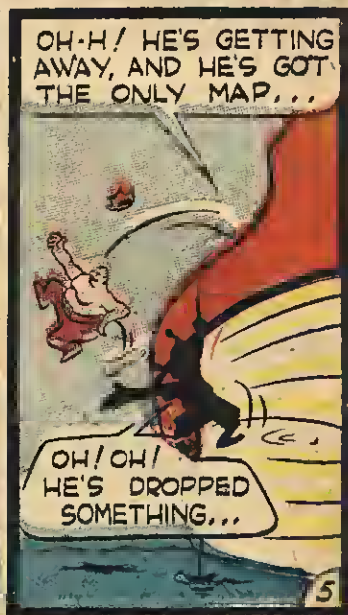
WHAT'LL WE DO?

LET'S FIGHT  
FOR THE PRINCE..

HE'LL GET US  
OUT!!



ALL RIGHT, HAVE YOUR OWN WAY I'LL  
SQUASH YOU ALL AND  
GET MORE HELPERS  
FROM SHORE...



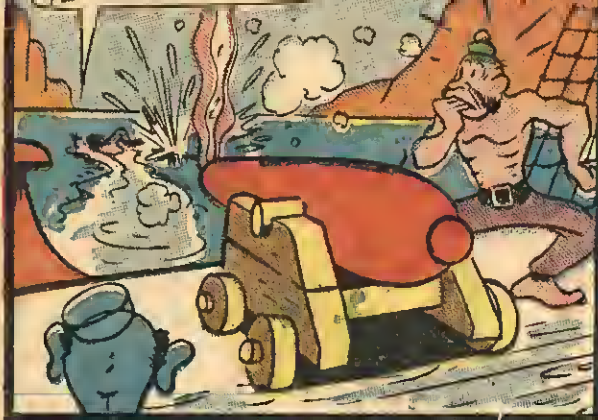
OH-H! HE'S GETTING  
AWAY, AND HE'S GOT  
THE ONLY MAP...

OH/OH!  
HE'S DROPPED  
SOMETHING...



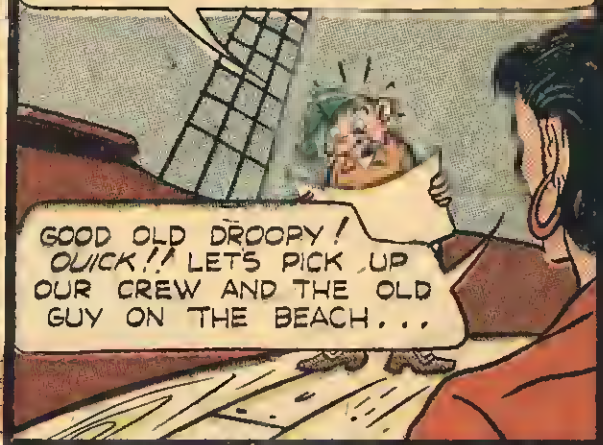
MISSED! OH, HE'S GETTING AWAY,  
NOW WE'LL ALL BE KILLED...

I'LL BE BACK!!

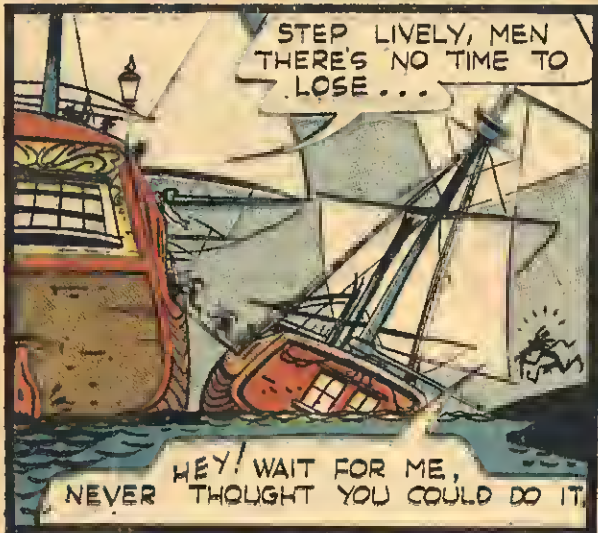


OH, NO WE WON'T! HE DROPPED  
THIS OUT OF HIS POCKET WHEN  
HE WENT OVER... AND IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE MAP TO THE CHANNEL...

GOOD OLD DROOPY!  
QUICK!! LET'S PICK UP  
OUR CREW AND THE OLD  
GUY ON THE BEACH...



STEP LIVELY, MEN  
THERE'S NO TIME TO  
LOSE...

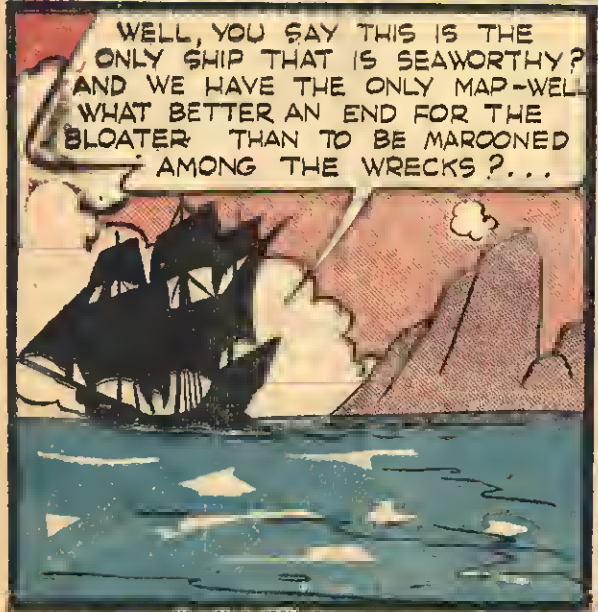


HEY! WAIT FOR ME,  
NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD DO IT!

WHAT ABOUT THE  
BLOATER, PRINCE?!



WELL, YOU SAY THIS IS THE  
ONLY SHIP THAT IS SEAWORTHY?  
AND WE HAVE THE ONLY MAP—WELL  
WHAT BETTER AN END FOR THE  
BLOATER THAN TO BE MAROONED  
AMONG THE WRECKS?...



AND SO ONCE MORE PIRATE PRINCE  
SETS OUT ON ANOTHER MISSION OF  
MERCY A JUBILANT CREW OF  
SURVIVORS SAILING WITH HIM...

YO HO, YO  
HO 2 2 2

2 2





# THE MYSTERY OF MUSKRAT LAKE

By DICK WOOD

**C**RIMEBUSTER plodded up the river bank, his wet mocassined feet making small imprints in the damp soil. At the top he dropped his heavy knapsack to the ground and took a deep breath. Conquering the Maine wilds was no child's play no matter what excellent condition one might be in. It had been hard going since he and Squeeks left Caribou and set out through the Maine woods toward Canada and the mysterious Muskrat Lake they were seeking—a lake that *Crimebuster* had good reason to believe held far more important things than the shiny animal pelts.

For months authorities had known that the notorious Royce Germain had some sort of a hideout near the Canadian border. They had, after precise investigation gotten it down to the approximate vicinity in the wilderness. They knew that some sort of autogiro was carrying Germain and his henchmen in and out of their wooded retreat. But that was as far as it went. No amount of aerial surveying revealed the slightest sign of the hideout. *Crimebuster* had studied the pictures carefully. Gone over them minutely for days and though there were many spots where an autogiro or helicopter might land, a little known pool of water called Muskrat Lake was ideal. It was by all means a gamble in the strictest sense of the word and even *Crimebuster* himself was not too confident of obtaining results. However, it would be a twofold excursion for any hike of that distance, though the Maine woods could also be looked on as a vacation trip.

Muskrat Lake had gotten its name over forty years ago when two trappers had stumbled on the small body of water and noticed numerous muskrats. Since then no one had been back due to its inaccessible location and had not *Crimebuster* luckily discov-

ered one of the trappers who gave him the trail as he remembered it from forty years back, it might have been a hopeless situation.

As *Crimebuster* closed his eyes under the starry sky that night, the brutal face of Royce Germain danced before him. What was this arch master of crime up to now? This Germain who had terrorized half the world with a thousand different rackets. The Germain who had flaunted his talents before the FBI and disappeared before their trap in South America could be sprung. It was no wonder that *Crimebuster* tossed restlessly in his sleeping bag that night, for on the morrow he would be within sight of Muskrat Lake and perhaps one of the most notorious killers the country had even seen.

It was just noon the next day when *Crimebuster* reached the top of the small mountain peak and shouted back to Squeeks scrambling up behind him.

"This is it, Squeeks," he called, bringing his field glasses up to his eyes, "Muskrat Lake should be right ahead!"

Straight ahead *Crimebuster* could see a small almost hidden pool of water. Dark pines cast their shadows bathing it in a deep oppressive gloom. Small wonder, *Crimebuster* thought, that the trappers had not wished to return here. With the crude map he had made from the guide's directions, he checked the location. Yes, this was Muskrat Lake alright. Just as it had been pictured to him.

With Squeeks on his shoulder, *Crimebuster* set out slowly through the woods ahead. A strange stillness seemed to fill the forest ahead and more than once *Crimebuster* caught himself looking back. That was silly. There was probably nothing but a soggy old pond ahead and Royce Germain, if in the woods at all, was most likely miles away.



Squeeks was about fifty yards from the lake's edge when it happened. Something twanged under his legs and he leaped into a tree squeaking loudly. *Crimebuster* bent down quickly and caught his breath. A small signal wire that ran carefully concealed under the leaves and bushes was what Squeeks had struck. A short whistle brought Squeeks to his shoulder and he sped ahead rapidly. A signal wire. Then someone was hiding out here. Someone who at this very minute knew of their presence. Ahead a small grove of bushes offered protection and *Crimebuster* headed for them. He was almost there when suddenly he heard Squeeks' shrill cry of fear in his ear and the earth seemed to come up and envelop him.

Minutes later a dazed and bruised *Crimebuster* shook his head and opened his eyes. He was in a great pit many feet deep and up above at the opening Squeeks was dancing frantically about attempting to attract his attention. Half-way to his feet *Crimebuster* suddenly saw Squeeks wave both his little hands in a warning and then disappear. A moment later the knarled weatherbeaten face of a man long aged in the woods appeared above him.

"What are you doing out here, feller?" the gruff voice said.

"I'm just out camping. What the devil have you got here—a lion pit! Get me out!"

The man grunted and vanished only to return a moment later and cast a long thick rope down to *Crimebuster*. His right hand held a colt revolver as he motioned to *Crimebuster*.

"The rope is tied to a tree. Start climbing and no monkey-shines. I got a blasted good eye and a gun to go with it."

*Crimebuster* had just reached the edge of the pit when Squeeks sprang. His small brown body plunged down from the tree tops straight for the gun arm of the watchman. As strong paws drew screams of pain from the man's throat *Crimebuster* clasped a brown hand across his mouth and dragged him to the ground. In a moment it was all over and *Crimebuster* reached over to roll the guard into the pit. Suddenly he stopped and hurriedly began stripping the man of his clothing. A mad man that would protect himself this much in the wilderness of Maine would stop at nothing. Surely there would be other guards and other traps.

Carefully the youth and his monkey crept

down to the water's edge where they could see a row-boat had been run hastily up on shore. The guards, *Crimebuster* thought, and boldly he stepped into the boat keeping Squeeks well hidden in the bow. Across the lake, a dark condensed section of trees revealed the outlines of a structure behind it. *Crimebuster* started rowing. The open stretch of water was only about forty yards but he would be well in the open. Ten yards . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . he rowed. Then suddenly he saw it. In the very center of the lake, partially hidden by a half submerged island, stood Royce Germain and his autogiro. He was perched in the cockpit, a rifle aimed straight at *Crimebuster*. His voice bellowed across the water.

"What in blazes was it, Green?"

*Crimebuster* swallowed hard. "Just another animal," he shouted back in a disguised voice.

Germain grunted and started out of the cockpit. At the same moment, *Crimebuster* put extra power into his strokes. This was the showdown. Once Germain reached shore the show would be over. Other stooges would have him finished in no time. Closer, closer he came to the plane. Germain was stepping into his small skiff now, preparing to row back to shore and his mysterious hideout snuggled in the cluster of trees. He was almost alongside when Germain swung about. A question started to form on his lips and died. His seasoned criminal eyes had seen through *Crimebuster's* disguise at a glance. A wild roar of rage tore from his lips and he threw his body across the intervening space between the two boats. Caught off balance *Crimebuster* rolled with him. One strong foot shot up and sank deep into the hard muscles of the killer's stomach. Plunging backwards *Crimebuster* watched Germain's face go over the side into the water, an expression of mingled surprise and fear on it. Two minutes later, he lifted the heavy carcass back and pumped the water from its lungs.

Several hours later authorities at the Canadian airfield clustered about *Crimebuster* and his captive in the camouflaged autogiro.

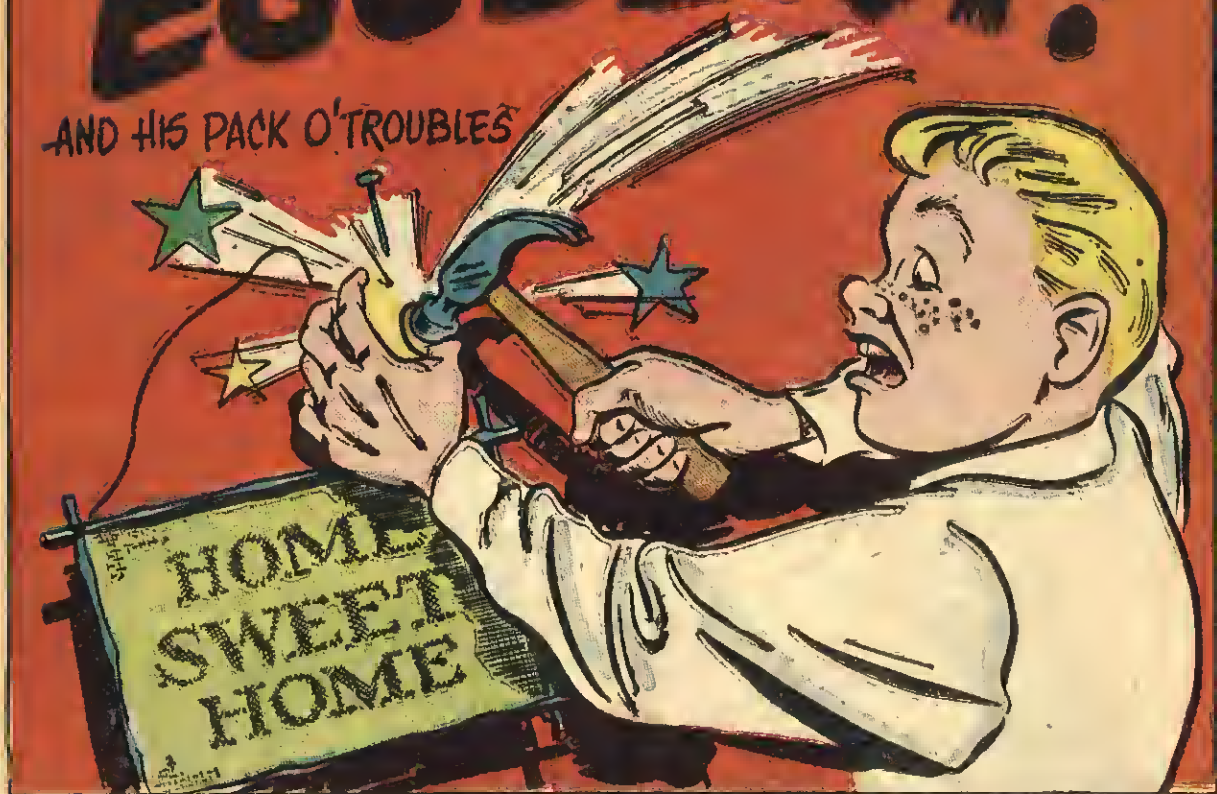
"But what in the world was he doing out there," one of them finally asked. *Crimebuster* smiled. "Believe it or not he was hiding out his wealth, gentlemen." Hidden away practically invisible at a hundred feet, Germain had built himself a vault for the millions he had stolen. The biggest job will be seeing that it all returns to where it belongs.



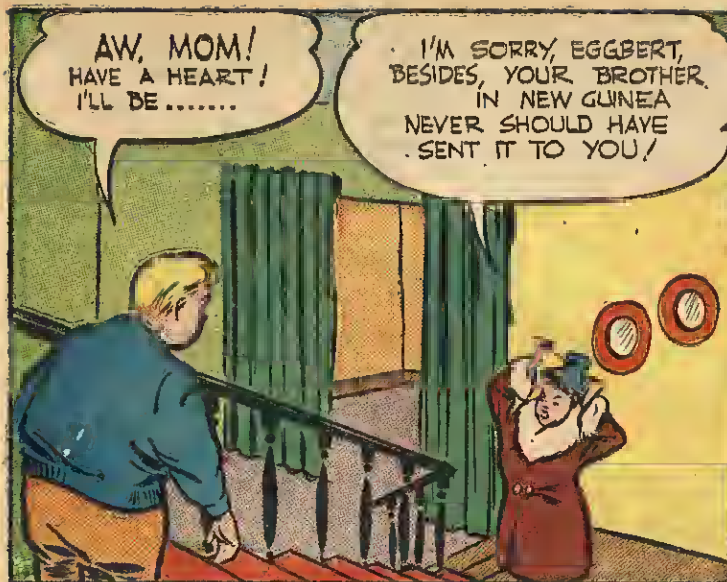
MEET

# EGGBERT!

AND HIS PACK O'TROUBLES

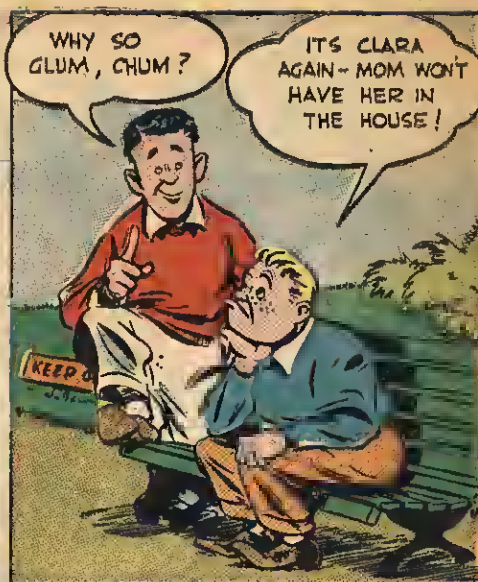






AW, MOM!  
HAVE A HEART!  
I'LL BE .....

I'M SORRY, EGGBERT,  
BESIDES, YOUR BROTHER  
IN NEW GUINEA  
NEVER SHOULD HAVE  
SENT IT TO YOU!



WHY SO  
GLUM, CHUM?

IT'S CLARA  
AGAIN - MOM WON'T  
HAVE HER IN  
THE HOUSE!



AHEM!

I SUPPOSE YOU  
HAVE A PERMIT  
TO HAVE "THAT"  
ON THE STREET?

GOLLY!  
I DON'T,  
OFFICER!

OH, OH!



YOU DON'T EH?  
THEN GET IT OFF  
THE STREET QUICKLY  
OR I'LL RUN YEZ  
ALL IN!

YESSIR!



O.K.  
C'MON  
CLARA!

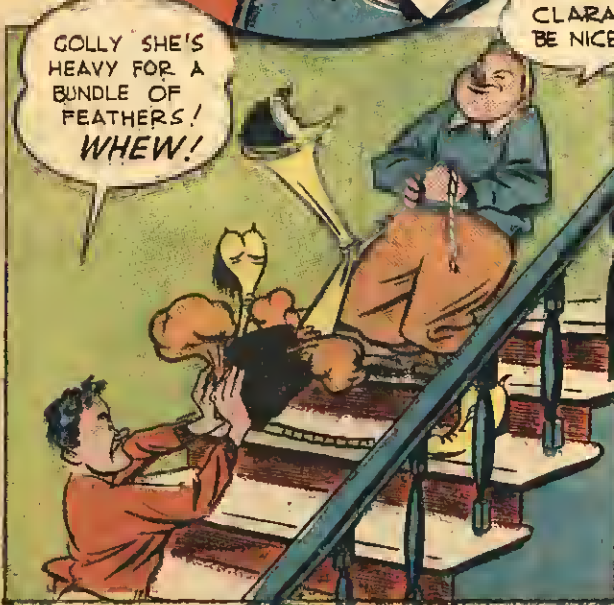
SUCH A  
SILLY LOOK-  
ING THING,  
TOO!

MRFF!

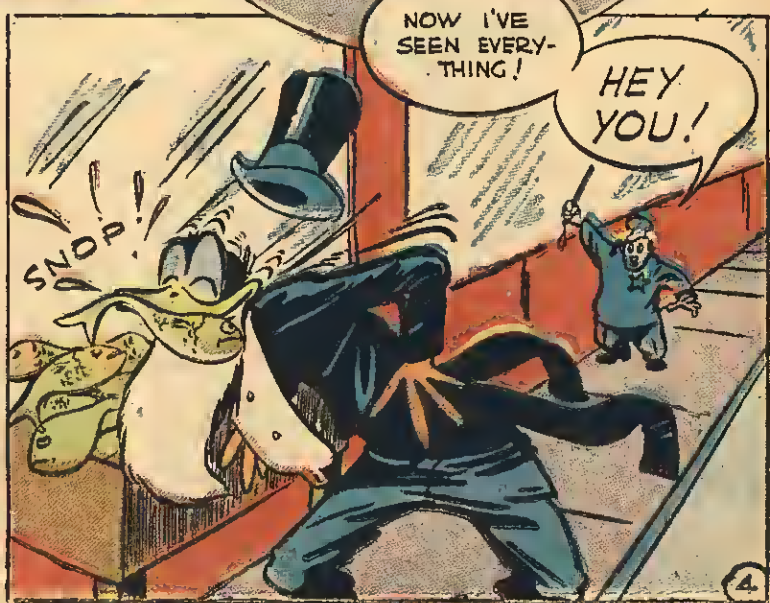
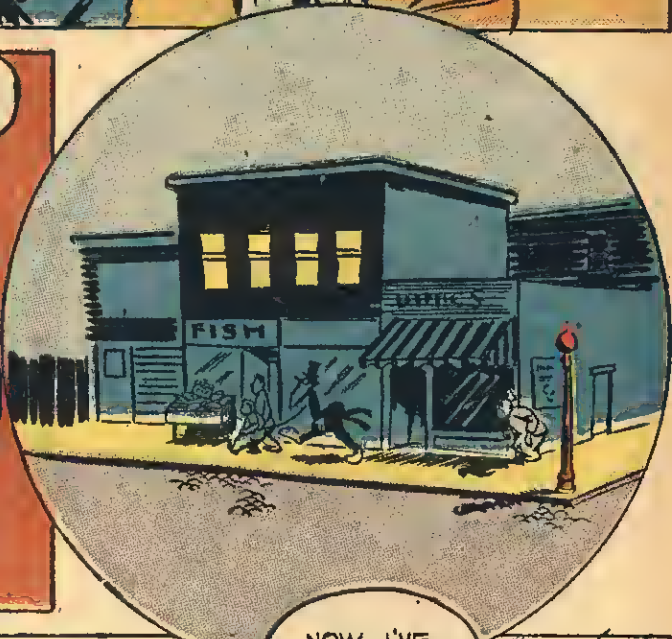
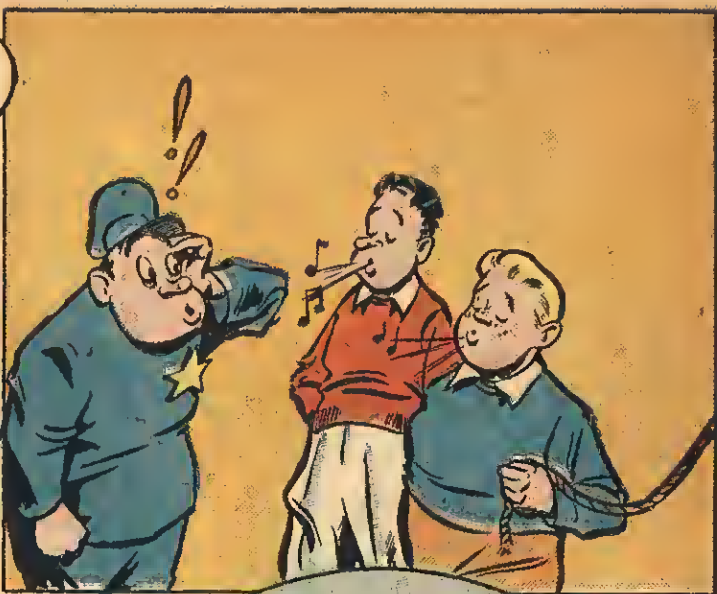
POOR  
CLARA!

I WISH  
I WERE  
DEAD!













HEY YOU OLD GOAT — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPING THAT FISH? I'M GOING TO RUN YOU IN!



WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT THE... HEY!



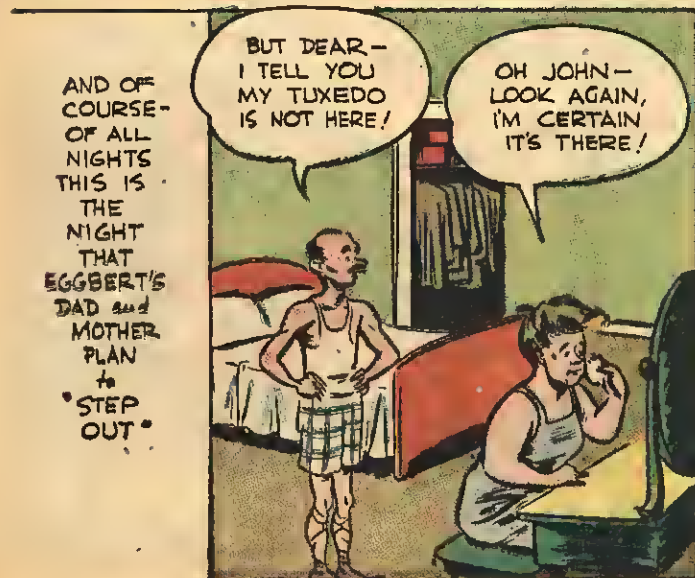
LOOK! CLARA'S FLYING AWAY!!

OH M'GOSH! AND WITH POP'S TUXEDO, TOO!



NOW WHAT WILL WE DO?

I DUNNO — IT'S YOUR BIRD, YOUR TUXEDO, AND YOUR PROBLEM!



AND OF COURSE — OF ALL NIGHTS THIS IS THE NIGHT THAT EGGBERT'S DAD and MOTHER PLAN to STEP OUT.

BUT DEAR — I TELL YOU MY TUXEDO IS NOT HERE!

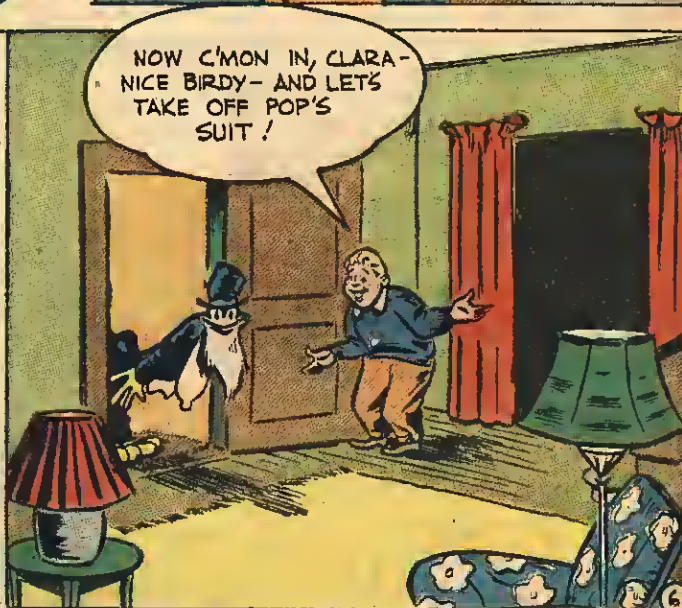
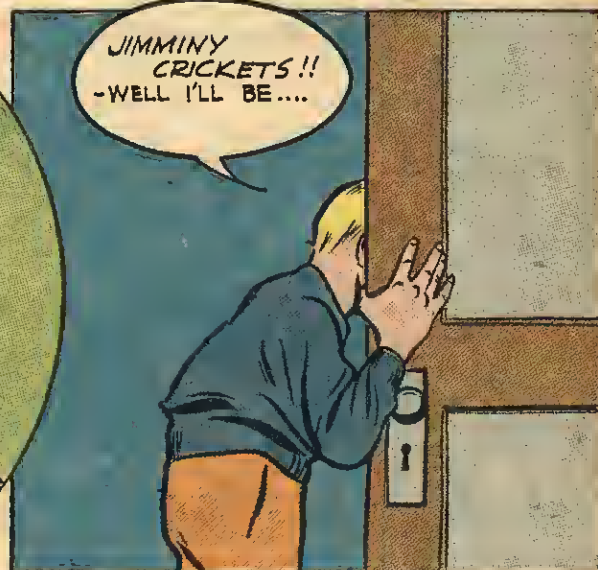
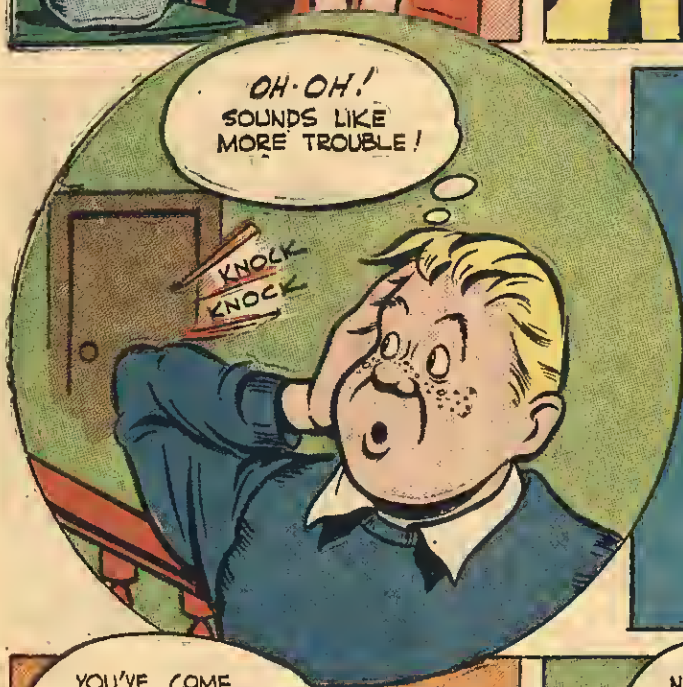
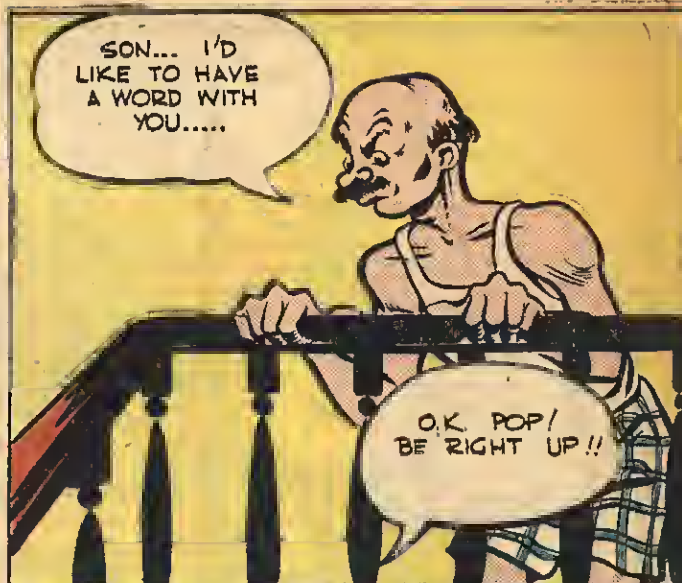
OH JOHN — LOOK AGAIN, I'M CERTAIN IT'S THERE!



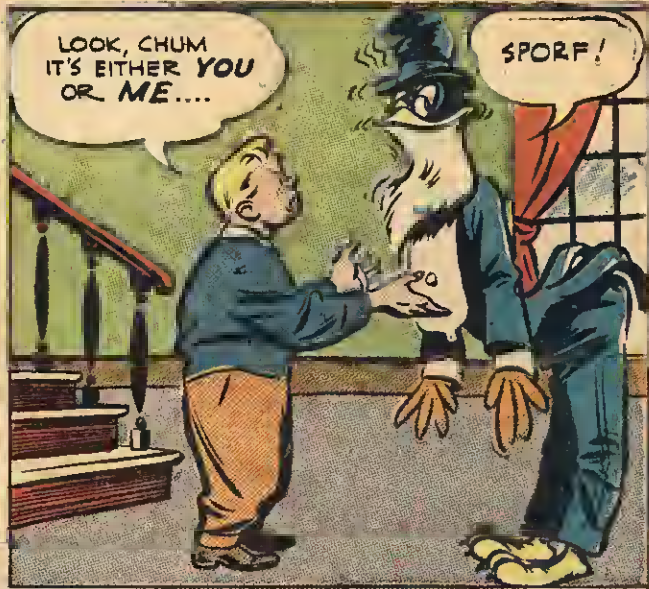
IS THAT YOU EGGBERT HAVE YOU BY CHANCE SEEN DAD'S TUXEDO ABOUT ANYWHERE?

ER...NO! BY THIS TIME IT MIGHT BE FLYING... UH...ER I MEAN LOST MOST ANYWHERE!

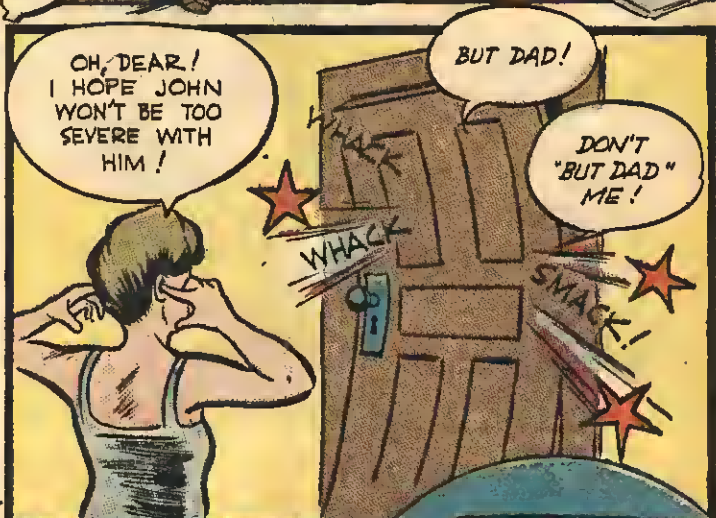
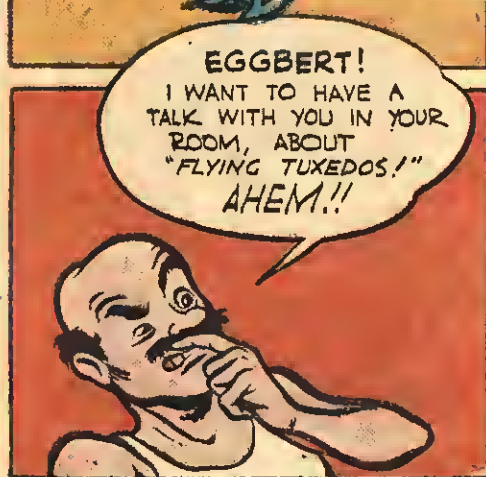












MORE OF EGGBERT IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL-



# SNIFFER

by  
CARL  
HUBBELL



IN MEMORY  
OF  
SNIFFER





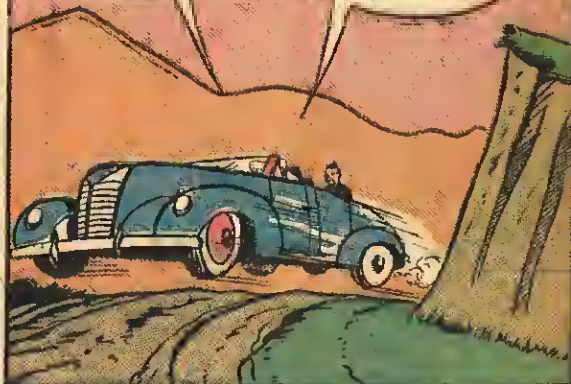
DA COUNTRY ALWAYS DE-  
PRESSES ME, SNIFFER! IT'S  
SO UNNATCHEREL! JEST  
TREES AN' MOUNTAINS!

IT AIN'T SO DEPRESSIN' AS  
LOOKIN' OUT THROUGH BARS!  
AN' DAT'S WHAT WOULD  
HAPPENED IF WE STUCK  
AROUND TOWN AFTER  
OAT LAST JOB!



BUT IF WE GOTTA  
HIDE OUT, HOW COME  
YA PICKED SECH A  
DISMAL JOINT AS  
DA COUNTRY?  
UGH!

OA COPS'LL NEVER  
THINK OF LOOKIN' FER  
US HERE! AN' BESIDES  
I GOTTA WONDERFUL  
JOINT PICKED OUT!  
WHATTA SURPRISE  
IT'LL BE!



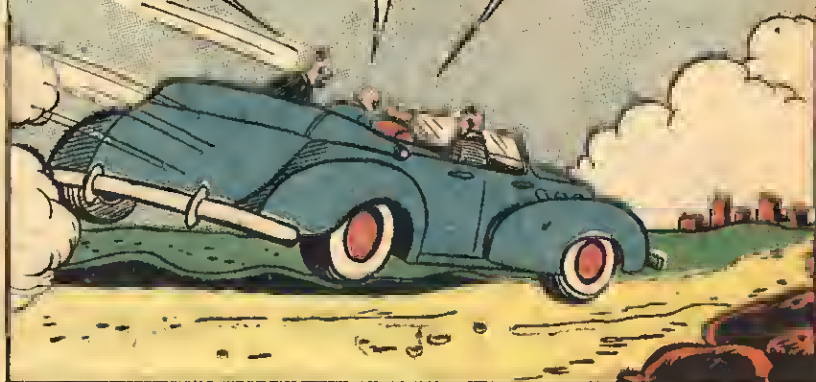
I WON'T KEEP YA GUESSIN'!  
WE'RE GONNA VISIT ME OLD  
PAW! HIM AN' YOU MUGS WILL  
GET ALONG SWELL! HE USED  
TA BE DA BEST COUNTERFEITER  
IN DA EAST!



LEAVE ME OUT  
HERE! I CAN'T  
IMAGINE NUTTIN'  
WOISE DAN MEETIN'  
**YOUR OL'**  
MAN!

I DON'T LIKE  
MEETIN' NOBODY'S  
RELATIONS! YA MEAN  
WE GOTTA HIDE OUT  
WIT' YOUR POP!  
PHOOEY!

AW RELAX, YA JOIKS! YOU'LL  
GET ALONG OKAY! HE MAY  
EVEN GIVE YA SOME SAMPLES  
OF HIS WOIK! DERE'S DA  
TOWN NOW-CHISELVILLE!



IT'S AGIN ME  
BETTER JUDGE-  
MENT, BUT ANY  
OLD PORT IN  
A STORM!

AW,  
SHUDDUP!



HI, PAW!  
REMEMBER  
ME?

GREAT  
GUNS!  
**Y..YOU!**

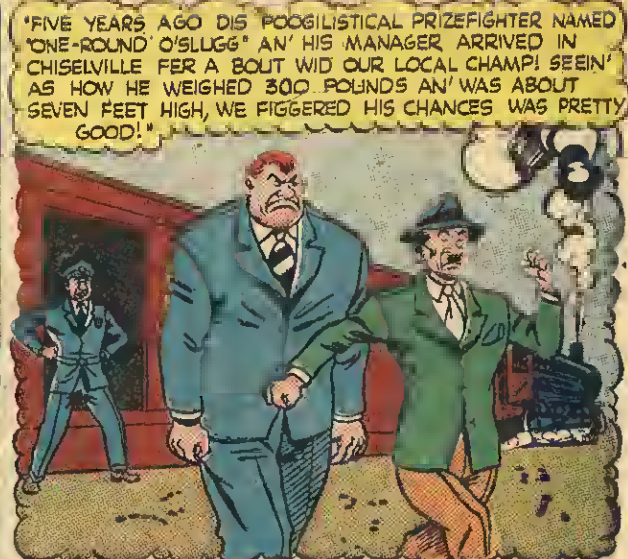


WE COME TA  
HIDE OUT FER A  
WEEK OR TWO  
'TIL - HEY!!  
GOIN' SOME  
PLACE?

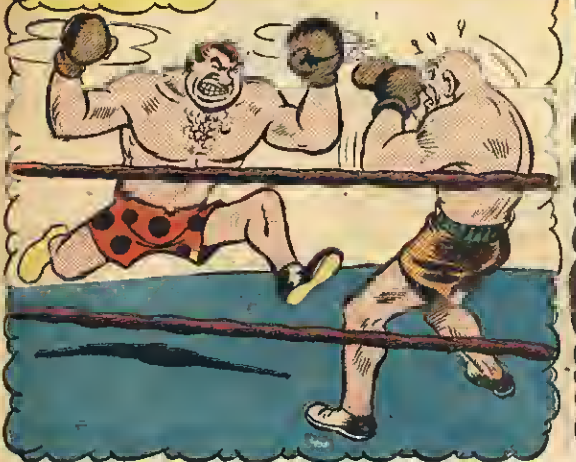
ER...ER...AS  
A MATTER OF  
FACT, I WAS JEST  
COMIN' TA  
LIVE WID  
YOU!



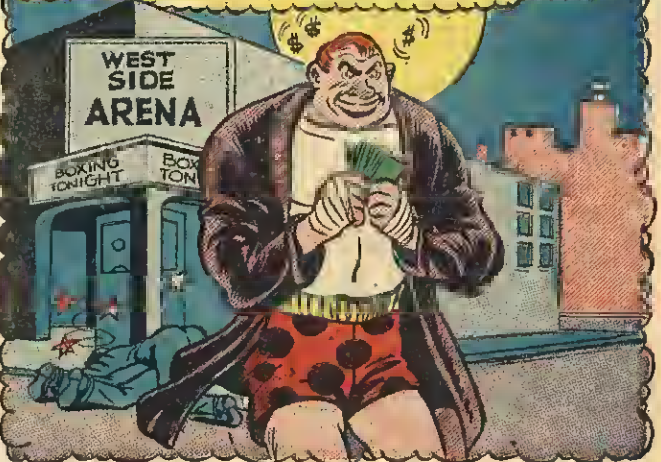




'DA NIGHT OF DA FIGHT O'SLUGG COME TEARIN' OUT OF  
HIS CORNER WID A FEARFUL BELLOW! DA CHAMP LOOKED  
SOMEWHAT NERVOUS! SO DID EVERYBODY WHO HAD  
SET ON HIM!'



'O'SLUGG NOT ONLY KNOCKED OUT DA CHAMP WID ONE PUNCH,  
BUT ALSO HIS MANAGER, DA REFEREE, SEVERAL SPECTATORS,  
AN' DA CASHIER, TAKIN' ALL DA DOUGH! HE SEEMED TO  
HAVE WENT SLIGHTLY BERSERK!'



'SINCE HE COULD LICK ANY MAN AROUND HE'S  
BEEN RUNNIN' DA TOWN EVER SINCE AN' HIS  
WORD IS LAW! AIN'T NOBODY HERE THAT AIN'T  
SCARED TA DEATH OF BOSS O'SLUGG!'



AND DAT, SON, IS  
WHY I WAS COMIN'  
TO LIVE WID YOU!  
ANYTHING IS  
BETTER'N LIVIN'  
HERE ANY  
LONGER!

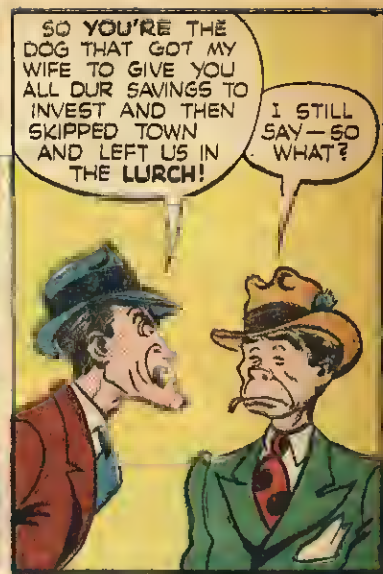


DAT'S ALL VERY  
INTERESTIN' BUT HIGHLY  
PROBLEMATICAL! NOBODY  
COULD GET AWAY WID  
DAT 'STUFF!



YOU'LL  
SEE, SON!  
YOU'LL  
SEE!









SAY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU OAF!

I'D PUSH DIS BIG DOPE'S PUSS IN, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO CREATE NO DISTURBANCE ON ACCOUNT OF I DON'T WANT NO COPS AROUND! I GOT IT!

WATCH HOW YA TALK TA ME, YA, BIG BABOON! I'M A FRIEND OF O'SLUGG'S!

SO...YOU'RE A FRIEND OF O'SLUGG'S, EH?



HE DON'T SHAKE ALL OVER AN' RUN AWAY! MAYBE HE'S DEAF! I SAID...I'M A FRIEND OF O'SLUGG'S!

AND I AM O'SLUGG!!



AND I DO NOT LIKE SAWED-OFF OAFS GOING AROUND CLAIMING TO BE FRIENDS OF MINE! YOU AIN'T MY FRIEND AND WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU AIN'T GONNA BE NOBODY'S FRIEND!

I AIN'T TAKIN' NO INSULTS FROM NOBODY! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TA POKE DAT UGLY MUG OF YOURS!



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S EVERYONE RUSHING TO?

IT'S EITHER A TRAIN WRECK OR O'SLUGG BEATING SOME POOR DEVIL UP AGAIN!

POOR FELLOW! O'SLUGG WILL MURDER HIM! SOMEONE SHOULD CALL AN AMBULANCE!

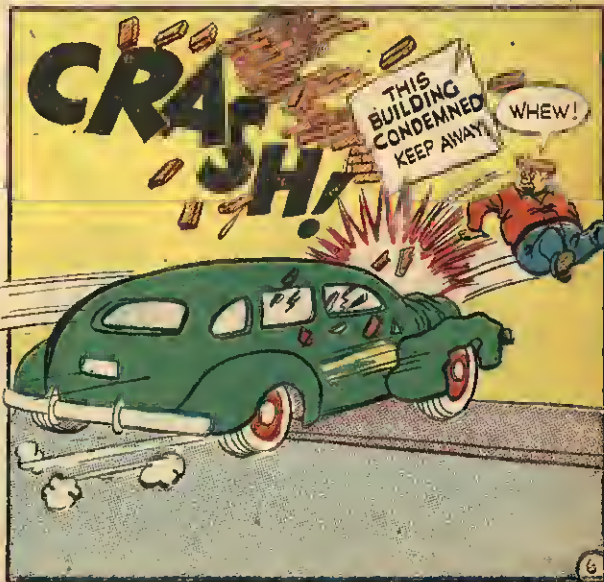
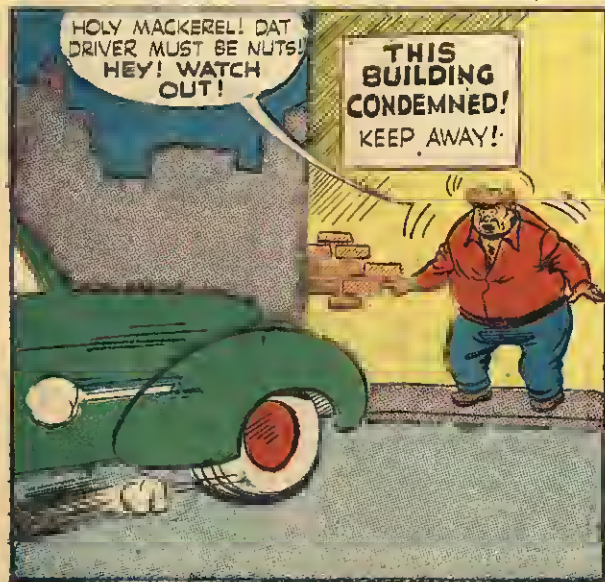
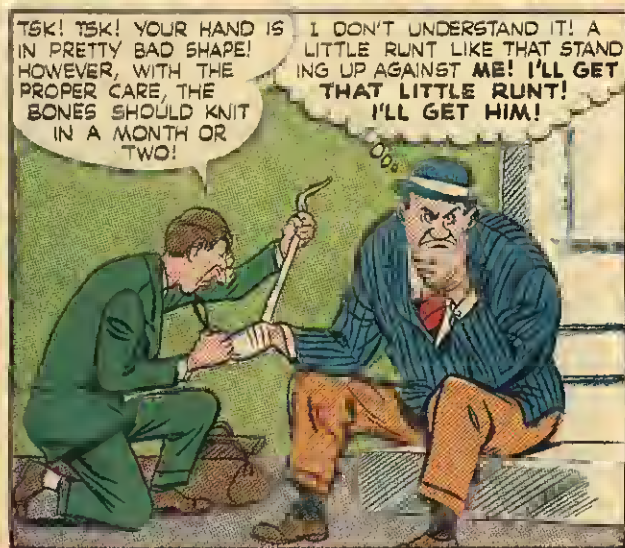
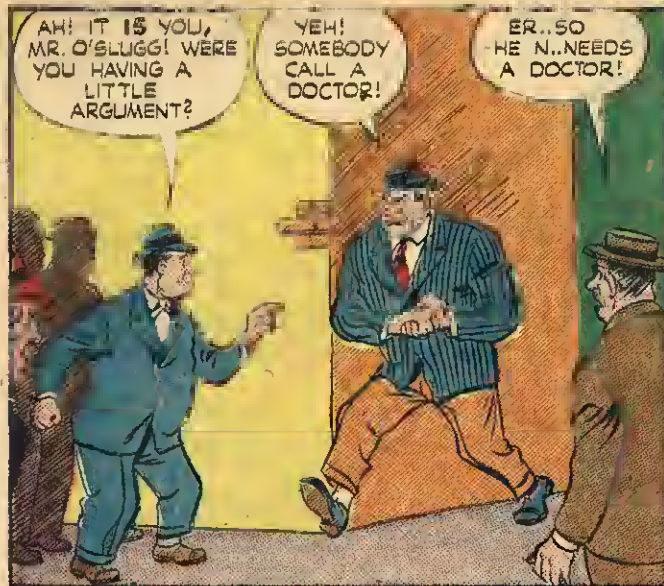


IT'S PRETTY D..DARK IN THERE! BUT SOUNDS LIKE O'SLUGG, ALL RIGHT!

STAND BACK! LOOK OUT FOR FLYING DEBRIS!











DAT GUY MUST HATE  
HISSELF, DA WAY HE  
KEEPS KNOCKIN'  
HISSELF OUT!



IN HEAVENS NAME, MEN,  
DIG! SOME POOR FELLOW  
IS BURIED UNDER ALL  
THESE BRICKS AND  
JUNK!



OH IT'S YOU,  
MR. O'SLUGG!  
WHATEVER  
HAPPENED?

I'LL GET  
THAT LITTLE  
RUNT! (SOB)  
I'LL GET  
HIM!



I HAVE IT! THIS  
TIME HE CAN'T  
GET AWAY!



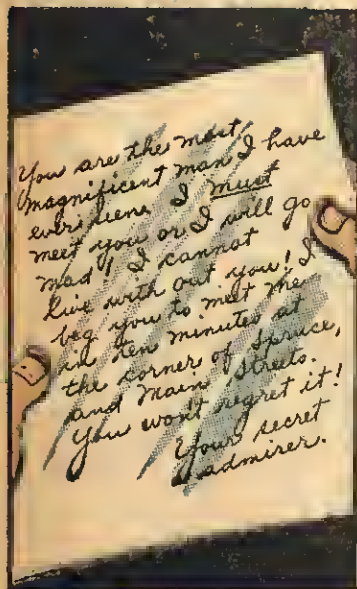
HA! IF HE DOESN'T  
FALL FOR THIS I'LL  
EAT MY HAT! BOY!  
COME HERE! I  
WANT THIS NOTE  
DELIVERED!

Y...YES SIR,  
MR. O'SLUGG!

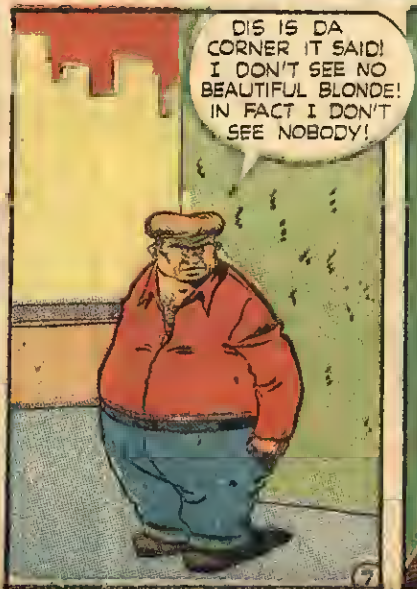


A BEAUTIFUL  
BLONDE GIMME  
DIS FER YA!  
WHAT A  
BABE!

WHAT? I  
DON'T KNOW  
NO BABES IN  
DIS TOWN.



You are the most  
magnificent man I have  
ever seen. I must  
meet you or I will go  
mad! I cannot  
live with out you! I  
beg you to meet me  
in ten minutes at  
the corner of Spruce,  
and Main Streets.  
You won't regret it!  
Your secret  
admirer.

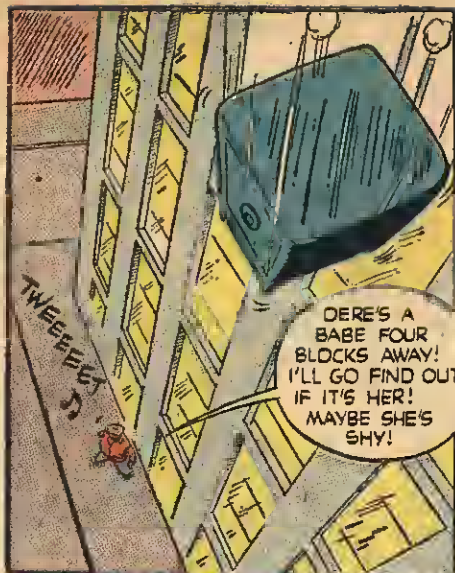


DIS IS DA  
CORNER IT SAID!  
I DON'T SEE NO  
BEAUTIFUL BLONDE!  
IN FACT I DON'T  
SEE NOBODY!



HE'S RIGHT—PUFF—  
BENEATH MY OFFICE  
WINDOW! IN ABOUT  
ONE-UGH-MINUTE  
HE'LL BE MWAFF  
FLAT AS A  
PANCAKE!





DERE'S A  
BABE FOUR  
BLOCKS AWAY!  
I'LL GO FIND OUT  
IF IT'S HER!  
MAYBE SHE'S  
SHY!



NOW TO STROLL  
OUT NONCHALANTLY  
AND VIEW THE  
MANGLED  
REMAINS!



WH..WHAT HAPPENED!! NO  
REMAINS! AND..AND..MY  
SAFE! IT'S OPEN!  
AND EMPTY!

CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYBODY  
WOULD THROW AWAY A PERFECTLY  
GOOD SAFE! ESPECIALLY  
WID CLOSE TO TWENTY  
GRAND IN IT! BUT...

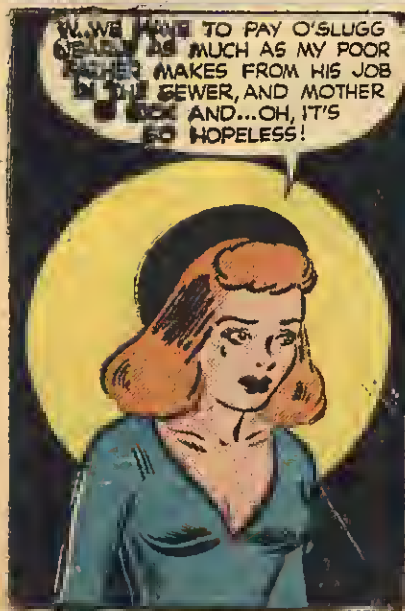
OH—  
BOO HOO  
HOO!



?

PARDON ME  
BUTTIN' IN, SIS,  
BUT CAN I DO  
ANYTHING?

N.NO! THERE'S NOTHING ANY-  
BODY CAN DO! IT'S JUST THAT  
M..MR. O'SLUGG WILL COLLECT  
HIS WEEKLY TAXES TODAY  
AND WE ARE SO POOR!



W..WE HAVE TO PAY O'SLUGG  
SEVEN AS MUCH AS MY POOR  
FATHER MAKES FROM HIS JOB  
IN THE SEWER, AND MOTHER  
DIED AND...OH, IT'S  
SO HOPELESS!



O'SLUGG AGAIN,  
HUH? WELL, I THINK  
I CAN HELP OUT A  
LITTLE, BABE, IF  
DAT'S WHAT'S  
BODDERIN'  
YA!



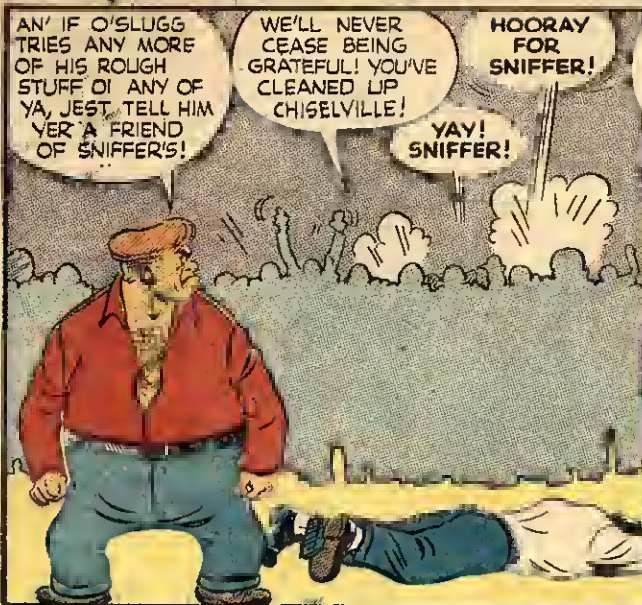
B.BUT I  
C..CAN'T TAKE  
ALL THIS  
MONEY!

DON'T GIMME  
NO ARGUMENT!  
I GOT MORE  
IMPORTANT  
BUSINESS TA  
TAKE CARE  
OF!

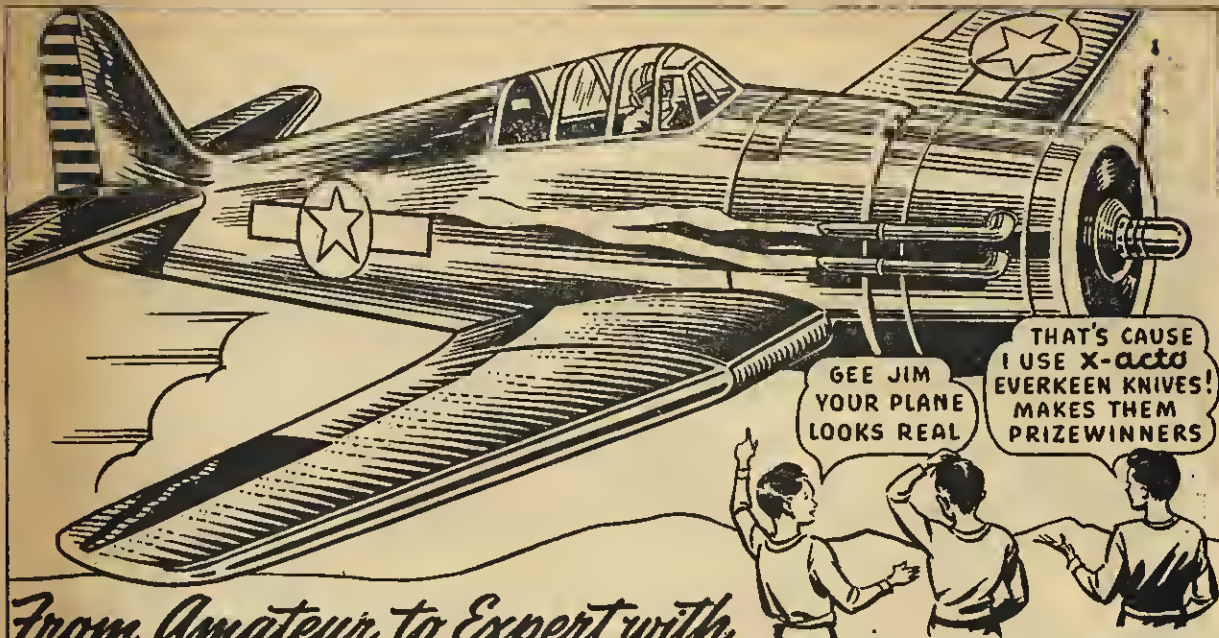












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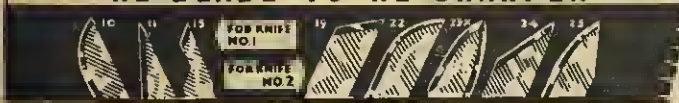
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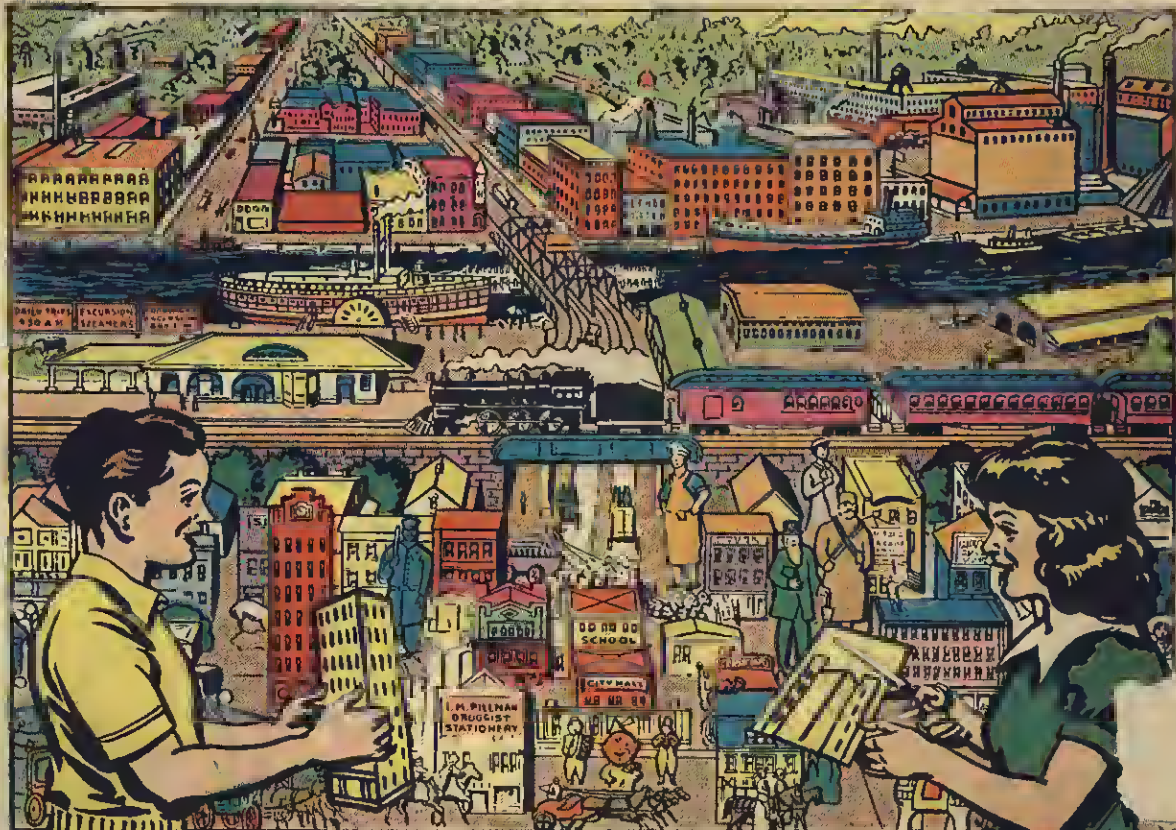
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View of City  
Street Plan  
Boy  
Girl  
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Band Wagon  
Hippo  
Wagon  
Lion Wagon  
Elephants  
Baby  
Elephants  
Giraffe

Bareback  
Rider  
Cowboy  
Camels  
Gentleman  
Rider  
Lady Rider  
Chariot  
Rider  
Zebra  
Circus Tent  
Pony  
Monkey  
Monkey  
and Dog  
Clown  
Clown  
and Drum  
Clown and  
Flute  
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